

# The Massillon Independent

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## A MAID FORLORN.

BY THE DUCHESS.

(Continued)

Mr. Craven does not appear to sympathize with her affliction. On the contrary, he grows more cheerful with every word she utters, and at her last positively beams.

"And you care for no one?" he asks, forgetful of everything but his intense desire to know.

Miss Rivers, who is still palpably amused, takes this question just a little too much, and telling herself it is her turn now, determines to punish him for it. So she hesitates, opens her lips as though to speak, checks herself suddenly, looks down, turns a ring round and round upon her finger, and finally says, very consciously—

"I am afraid I do."

This is a crushing blow. All Craven's content dies on the spot. He glowers, knits his brow, and looks utterly miserable.

"Somebody, then, is very fortunate," he answers, rather unsteadily.

"But there are two of them," explains Cissy, shaking her head in a perplexed fashion, "and I can not quite decide which I love best."

"Love!" he echoes, in a desperate tone.

"Yes, I love them," she confesses, with unaffected and growing ardor. "So would you if you knew them. I sometimes tell myself it is unkind to love them as I do, with all my heart."

"But you can not love two men equally!" he exclaims, again at this daring declaration. "It is impossible!"

Cissy, as though thoroughly confounded by his words, moves back a step or two, and raises one hand in bewilderment.

"Two men!" she says, disdainfully. "Oh what are you thinking? Are you so behind the times as to imagine I should do such a foolish thing as to love a man? No, indeed; I was but thinking of—mamma and Ronnie."

As though aware of her victory, she finishes this saucy speech with a merry laugh, and moves away from him in the direction of Mrs. Richards's parlor. She looks so arch, yet so provoking, so mischievous, yet so charming, that Craven, while acknowledging himself shamefully taken in, laughs, too, in spite of himself.

"Listen to me," he says, hastily. "If the girl goes to bed early, which, of course, in disgust, he won't do, because he oughtn't—I hope for a cup of tea from Mrs. Richards."

"I am sure," she demurely, "she will be delighted to give it to you." Then, seeing the disappointment in his face, she adds kindly, and with a pretty smile, "Yes, do come. You will be quite welcome."

And for once in his life the Major, though unconsciously, does the right thing or, rather, the good does it for him; he goes to bed early, and leaves his grateful host to follow his own devices.

The next morning, what a change appears! Yesterday the world was white, but dull. To-day it is white, too, but sparkling, as though with innumerable diamonds. The snow has ceased to fall, the sun is shining brightly, lighting up with a million rays each spray and bough, on which the snow still lingers. The fir trees have shaken off a little of their chilly burden, and now show again in parts some evidence of green.

A few birds, though in a somewhat weak and melancholy fashion, are chanting a hymn of praise, and preening languidly their dragged plumage.

Cissy is so delighted with them that she opens a wide bed-room window and throws out to them the thin slice of bread and butter sent up to her with her tea half an hour before. They fly down to it, to her intense satisfaction, and chatter about it and fight over it, before it comes to an end.

At the foot of the staircase, as she runs down to breakfast, she encounters Craven, who has been waiting for her.

"Was I not right?" she says, gaily, giving him her hand. "The weather has changed. See what a delicious morning it is! No doubt my being able to get home to-day, is there?"

"I hardly know if the horses can travel yet," he replies, avoiding her eyes.

"I shall wait if I cannot go any other way," says Cissy, with quick determination and some faint doubt of him expressed in her tone.

"If it comes to that, and you must go, you certainly shall walk," he returns. "I suppose, with care, a horse can be induced to go so far. Then reproachfully—"In what haste you are to be gone!"

He is looking so honestly grieved at the thought of her departure that her heart softens her.

"Only in haste to see the two at home," she says gently, "not to leave this house, where every one has been so kind to me, and where I have been quite happy. You must not for one moment think me ungrateful."

She says this so sweetly that he is comforted, and when she has so far given in to his wishes as to breakfast with him, and has made herself specially charming throughout the meal, he is almost himself again. Directly breakfast is at an end, because he sees and understands her hurry to be gone, he orders the dog-cart to be brought round, and Cissy, once more enveloped in her furs, is handed into it. Craven, seating himself beside her, takes the reins, the groom jumps up behind, and together they start for home.

The drive, though slow, and in parts difficult, is a rather silent one; but just as they enter the gates of Brankmere, she, turning to him, says impulsively:

"What a long time it seems since last I was here—weeks almost."

"I told you you were bored to death," he replies, with a curious smile, "though you were too good-natured to acknowledge it. See how heavily the time dragged."

"Nonsense! You know I did not mean that. I was only trying to explain to myself how in so short a time I could learn to regard you in such a friendly light. It seems absurd, doesn't it? Two short days—hardly two—and yet I feel quite as if you were my brother."

"Not in the least like your brother," says Craven, hastily. "Your brother would be far handsomer a fellow than I can ever hope to be. I don't feel a bit like your brother."

"Well, then, you seem to me like a very old friend," smiling.

"I am glad of that. It tells me I am not quite out in the cold," he answers, heartily; and then they pull up at the half-door, and the groom jumps down, and Cecil has barely time to reach the ground when Ronnie comes running out and, catching her in her arms, holds her until her mother releases her.

The liberated prisoner is embraced and kissed and examined with tearful eyes; and then, turning, flushed and smiling, toward Craven, she says,

brightly: "This is Mr. Craven, mamma. You must thank him for his kindness to me." Mamma is secretly rather taken aback, as she has been picturing an imaginary Mr. Craven to herself as a stout, middle-aged gentleman of fatherly aspect, not in the least like the tall, fashionably dressed young man who stands smiling gently down upon her now, but in hand.

She conceals her surprise very successfully, however, and murmurs a few words of earnest gratitude; and then they all go into the house and up to the drawing-room fire, where explanations follow, and where Cissy—who is in wild spirits—makes them all laugh a good deal at her version of the adventure—especially Ronnie, who has found it intolerably dull without her.

"You will, of course, stay to lunch," says Mrs. Rivers, pleasantly. "Your man can put up your horse for an hour or two."

She rings the bell, and Mr. Craven, who is singularly amenable to pressing on this occasion—hardly indeed requiring it, as he gives in at the first request—stays on for many hours, only tearing himself away with open reluctance as the daylight fades and thoughts of the Major and his duties as host crowd heavily upon him.

## CHAPTER V.

When the young man has gone, Ronnie turns to her sister, and placing her arms round her, gives her a good hug.

"I couldn't half do it while he was looking," she says, "though I think him very nice, nevertheless."

"He was very kind, at all events," says Cissy, gratefully. "Wasn't it a wonderful adventure?"

"It might have been a terrible one," replies her mother, with a shudder.

"Oh, mamma, and who do you think was there besides me?"

"Who?"

"Major Jervis!"

"Major Jervis! And he saw you?" asks Mrs. Rivers, in a horror-stricken tone.

"Yes—but And yet he didn't seem!" continues Cecil. And then she gives them the entire history of her escape from the Major and her terror on the occasion.

When she has finished her recital, her mother draws a breath of deep relief.

"You are sure Mr. Craven won't betray you?" she asks, still a little nervous.

"Quite sure! Mamma, how could you think him a traitor?"

"I didn't, my dear. I was merely anxious," answers Mrs. Rivers, hastily. Then she rises and quits the room for some domestic purpose.

"What nice eyes he has!" says Ronnie when the girls are alone again. "And how he uses them—though only on one object, I grant! I firmly believe, though he has been here to-day for nearly two hours, he would not, if put on his oath, know me from mamma, or mamma from me."

"I don't think he is such a stupid young man as you seem to think," returns Cissy, mildly. "And it is folly what you say, dearest; any one can see that mamma is at all events a year or two older than you."

"I am not accusing him of stupidity. I have no doubt he is a second Sophocles," rejoins Ronnie, meekly. "I merely meant to say he never took his eyes off you from the time he came till he went away. I was but as drawn in his sight. Well, never mind! I wonder, by the bye, when we shall see him again?"

"Some time next year, perhaps." It is now close on Christmas.

"Some time to-morrow, I should say," Ronnie, how can you be so absurd? What could bring him here again so soon?" says Cecil, but she blushes vividly as she puts the question.

"Well, you, I suppose," rejoins Ronnie, unabashed. "Little hypocrite that you are, why don't you confess what you know in your secret heart? What do you think he meant by asking mamma if she wanted some books to read? Simply an excuse to put in an appearance here early in the morning. Now, mark my words, it will be early. And I shouldn't at all be surprised if he ordered up the whole library, book-shelves and all, for your delectation. My own opinion is," adds Miss Rivers, laughing, "that this poor young man is head-over-ears in love with you."

Cecil leans back in her chair and laughs also.

"And what do you think his name is?" she asks, still laughing. "It is Duke!"

"Then you are bound to marry him," says Ronnie, werrily. "You always declared you would marry a Duke if you ever met one. You certainly can't go back from it now."

"I have another idea, too," remarks Cecil. "I think—indeed I feel sure—he is Maria's young man!"

"No," cries Ronnie. "But yes, of course. He is *in bon parti*, and just all we ever heard of the happy man who has been laid aside for her. Poor Maria! I am afraid it was a luckless day for her when you lost your way in the snow."

"Well, it is all mere supposition about Maria," says Cecil. "Of course, Mr. Craven may not be the man assigned for her by the Major."

"Of course not. But I prefer thinking he is the man. It makes it all so comfortable. You said you would like to cut out Maria, if only for vengeance sake; now you can do it. You said you would marry a Duke; now, too, you can do it. It is all like the fulfillment of a pretty dream."

"But what about you, dearest?" asks Cecil, softly. "Have you heard from him?"

"I had one letter from Sir Sydney," answers Ronnie, slowly.

"One? Well, of course, you could hardly have had more. To me it seems a long time since we came here. I feel indeed as if I had been away from you and mother for a twelvemonth—But go on, Ronnie, tell me about your letter."

"It was short, and not particularly sweet. It began 'My dear Miss Rivers,' and it ended 'Always yours most sincerely.' It was filled with London gossip, and that is all I can tell you of it until we go upstairs; then you can see the original of what I have been telling you, if you will."

"I think 'Always yours most sincerely' was very nice indeed," says Cissy. "Yours sincerely, would be commonplace, and quite nothing; but the 'always' and the 'most' make such a difference."

"I am so glad to have you back!" returns Ronnie, gratefully, throwing her arms round her sister. "Do you know, Cissy, what is your principal charm? You always know just what is the right thing to say."

Ronnie's surmises prove true. The very next morning brings Mr. Craven again to Brankmere; and for the matter of that, every other morning sees him there, until a week has passed over their heads.

The day is lovely—clear and bright, and full of sunshine. All sign of snow is gone from the ground; only a thin sparkling frost, that sits lightly on tree

and shrub, makes one certain it is winter still, and not early spring. From the sea comes up a moaning—sad, but sweet. A few birds, taking courage from the calmness of day and the warmth of the welcome glow of light, who, up above the blue heavens, sits enthroned, "diffusing radiant bliss around," hop from bough to bough on the bare trees, and twitter meek little songs, as though half afraid of their own temerity.

Indoors the fires are burning brightly. The lozgs are crackling on the top of coals; the great white Persian cat is blinking lazily on the hearth-rug, and pretty Cecil, with a huge black fan in her hand, is sitting on the rug too, her head resting against her mother's knee.

It is now the seventh day since her return home, and they are all sitting in the small morning-room—the room in the house they most affect, it is so snug and cozy—with Duke Craven in their midst, but as near to Cecil as circumstances will permit.

"By the bye," says Craven, suddenly, a propos of something just said by Ronnie, "the Major is with me again, in spite of his dread of that awful ghost he encountered some days ago. He has heard of your having taken up your residence here, Mrs. Rivers, and declared his intention, this morning at breakfast, of calling upon you without loss of time. Shouldn't I wonder if he came to-day?"

"Old Horror," says Ronnie, irreverently.

"If he knew he was going to encounter his ghost face to face, I don't believe he would be in such a hurry to call," continues Mr. Craven, smiling at Cissy, who smiles back at him, and says, with affected fear—

"Ah, if he had found me substantial flesh and blood that night instead of barren bones, what should I have done?"

"I know what I should have done," says Ronnie, viciously. "If he had caught me on that occasion, I should have beaten him black and blue. Death would have been his portion that night. He should never, with my consent, have lived to tell the tale."

She looks such a ridiculously fragile creature to be the author of this awful speech that everyone laughs.

"I don't think even the Major would be afraid of you," remarks Craven. "Do you know, I do not see why I think it, but it seems to me that Jervis is rather put out at your settling down here."

As she speaks, now in a low confidential tone to the girls alone, Mrs. Rivers having gone into the next room to write a letter, "He appeared disconcerted when he spoke of your being here, though why I can't imagine."

At this both girls exchange glances; the glances mean: "Ah! Didn't I tell you so? He's Maria's young man!"

"However, he is such a grumpy old chap always, I dare say it was imagination on my part thinking so," Craven goes on, carelessly. "Miss Cecil, did you really mean it, the other day, when you said you adored honey? Because Mrs. Richards—I can't fancy how she knew of your love for it—desired me to tell you this afternoon she has more than she knows what to do with, and wants to know if she may send you some."

"Did she really say that?" asks Cecil eagerly. "Now isn't she an old dear? Give her my love, please, Mr. Craven, and say she may send me some honey as soon as ever she likes, and tell her, too, I shall give her a kiss for it the very next moment we meet."

"Happy Richards!" says Mr. Craven, in a low tone, with an indescribable glance that is half amused, and half earnest, and wholly loving.

Ronnie laughs; and then, Mrs. Rivers returning to the room, Craven rises and takes his departure. He has not been gone half an hour when the servant announces—"Major Jervis."

Mrs. Rivers, rising, receives him very courteously, and the girls give him their hands with a passably good grace.

"Had no idea until the day before yesterday that you and the young ladies had come to reside down here," begins the Major, when he has ensconced himself in the most comfortable chair in the room and drawn himself close up to the fire. He always calls the girls the "young ladies," to Ronnie's intense disgust.

"We rather tired of town life," says Mrs. Rivers, finding she must say something.

"Ah, yes! It is disappointing at times," replies the Major, with a meaningful glance at Ronnie, who takes no notice of it or him. "By the bye, I saw our common friend, Sir Sydney Walcott, in Piccadilly last week, looking uncommonly well and happy. You will all be glad to hear good accounts of him; he was such an intimate friend of yours."

"Very intimate. I know few people I like so well as Sir Sydney," says Mrs. Rivers, calmly, but she colors as she says it.

"You have made the acquaintance of Mr. Craven, I hear," remarks the Major, presently. "I am staying with him, you know."

"Yes. He himself told us so just now."

"Ah! been here already? Sharp work!" says the Major; and Cecil, who is earnestly regarding him, sees that he starts a little, and that a slight frown contracts his forehead. "Early visiting; wasn't it—eh?"

"Is it early?" asks Mrs. Rivers, languidly. "We hardly thought of that. You see, we know so few people down here as yet that we make more than usually welcome any one who is kind enough to break in upon our monotony."

"And he is just the sort of person to make more than usually welcome," returns the Major, with an unpleasant smile. He is about the best catch down here, or anywhere else that I know of; but a yet to be caught. I think—not to be caught, I say."

"I have heard he is a very well off," says Mrs. Rivers, cooily.

"Heard it before you came down, I dare say," chuckles.

This is almost too much, Cecil grows as red as a rose and bites her lip. Ronnie turns as if bent on annihilating their enemy then and there; but Mrs. Rivers checks her by saying blandly—

"You know all about him, of course, Major Jervis. His father was a great friend of yours, I believe."

"Yes," says the Major, so doubtfully that Ronnie and Cecil both decide that the late Mr. Craven suffered him more than he regarded him.

"Have any of you seen his place yet?" asks the Major, turning as if instinctively to Cecil. "He colors hotly."

"We have been—hardly anywhere yet; the weather has been so terrible," replies her mother, coming quickly to the rescue.

"Splendid old place," says the Major—antique, I fancy, I fancy Gothic, you know, and all that sort of rubbish. The drawing room is a beauty in mediævalism, and the old china is priceless."

"Oh, yes, these beautiful old Queen Anne cups with the tiny gold tracing," exclaims Cecil, leaning forward, and forgetting in her eagerness all her words may convey to the Major.

"Eh? What?"—suspiciously. "I

thought you said you had not been there. Then how did you see the china, Miss Cecil?"

"I heard of it," replies Cecil, blushing nervously.

"Heard—eh? Very accurate description from mere hearsay."

"Really, Major," says Mrs. Rivers, half smiling, yet wholly angry, "Cecil will not be pleased with you if you doubt her word. Some day we are all going over to see those wonderful things. Mr. Craven has kindly expressed a wish that we should go and look at the old place."

"Ah, yes, no doubt," growls the Major. "Not that I think it would be an advisable step on your part, my dear madam. If you will allow an old friend of the family to give his opinion on this subject, I should say young ladies are better out of bachelors' quarters! They are hardly suitable for young unmarried ladies, I should think. Better at home, eh? But, of course, my dear madam, you are the best judge of all that."

"Yes, I think so," returns Mrs. Rivers, a little haughtily; but this terrible old man is not to be rebuked.

"No offense," he says. "A word in season, you know; and—my young friend Craven is rather a gay fellow—nothing very much against him, you know, my dear madam, only young men will be young men to the end of the chapter! Ha—ha!"

His words mean nothing, his manner a great deal. A vague shadow, as of coming grief, falls upon the heart of Mrs. Rivers as she turns almost instinctively to look at her pretty Cecil.

Her pretty Cecil is looking utterly unconcerned, and is simply regarding Major Jervis with a glance suggestive of indifference and contempt. Mrs. Rivers sighs, and wonders inwardly whether she is doing a wise thing in allowing this acquaintance with Duke Craven to ripen into a friendship—nay, into something that may prove even warmer than friendship, and more capable of bearing fruit either of joy or sorrow—what if it should be sorrow? After all, what do they know about this young man Craven? He has fallen into their lives by the merest chance, and is literally unknown to them beyond the fact that he is of good family and has a house and some considerable property. Of his character or his usual habits they have learned absolutely nothing. And even now is not the Major throwing out hints of a most unpleasant nature about him?

Meanwhile Ronnie is cross-questioning Major Jervis about Craven Court.

"Yes, it is a capital place," he says, "but draughty—very, and haunted into the bargain."

"Haunted! How delicious!" Cissy exclaims, clasping her hands. "Do tell us all about it, Major?"

Whereupon the Major, who dearly loves the sound of his own voice, gives them a most extraordinary account of his pursuit of Cecil on that memorable evening now more than a week ago. He has hardly finished his highly colored recital when, to the surprise of all, Craven again enters the room.

"I really must beg your pardon," says the young man, blushing ingenuously. "But not until I had reached home, Mrs. Rivers, did I remember about that address for which you so wished. I have it with me now. As I was going to Carbery—a village some three miles away—I thought I might as well drop in again and leave it with you."

"Much better," answers Ronnie, graciously.

"Ah, Major; knew I should find you here!" says Duke, genially. "I hope you are making yourself agreeable."

"What an absurd question!" cries Ronnie. "When is the Major anything else? Just now, too, he is making himself more than usually charming, because he is telling us ghost-stories. Think of that!"

"Just that little adventure of mine the other evening," says the Major, airily. "Nothing much, you know; but of course it is something to have been face to face with a real ghost."

"Something! Everything!" exclaims Cecil. "Went you frightened to death, Major?"

"Not I, indeed! By Jove," he says, looking fixedly at Cecil, "I have it! There was a certain familiarity about that ghost that puzzled me at the time; I thought it resembled somebody, but could not make out whom. Now I know. It was you."

Mrs. Rivers looks a little nervous, and Cecil and Craven break into merry laughter, instantaneous and irrepressible.

"I think it is very unkind of you," says Cissy, presently, with a little laugh, "to compare me to a horrid ghost!"

"But the figure was marvellously like yours," persists the Major, in a puzzled tone, "and the side-face too."

"The story grows more thrilling every instant," observes Ronnie. "I do hope Cecil that you will not imitate your ghostly fetch and dissolve away into a gentle dew."

"Don't you feel very uncomfortable, Miss Rivers?" asks Craven, addressing Cissy.

"No—rather flattered than otherwise. A very little more thought on the subject would make me imagine I was the actual heroine of the story the Major has so kindly told us."

"Well, I must be going," says the Major, rising. "You will come with me, Craven?"

"I am going to Carbery," returns Craven, evasively.

"So am I," says the Major, determinedly; and so, sorely against his will, the young man is compelled to rise from his comfortable lounge, and follow him.

(To be continued.)

There is a pool in Utah only a foot deep, and situated at a very high altitude, that refuses to freeze even in the severest winters. There is another that mysteriously replenishes itself with half-grown trout. One stream, though clear as crystal to the eye, and tasteless, stains all the vegetation it flows over a deep brown. A warm spring near Salt Lake City is the strongest sulphur water in the world. A hot spring a few miles off, with waters so hot that you can hardly put your hands into them, and as bright as diamonds, is one of the most remarkable combinations of chemicals ever analyzed.

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### An Epidemic of Rhyming.

The Society goes on famously. We have had a paper presented and read lately which has greatly amused some of us and provoked some of the weaker sort. The writer is that cradled old Professor of Belles-Lettres at that men's college over there. He is dreadfully hard on the poor "poets," as they call themselves. It seems that a great many young persons, and more especially a great many young girls, of whom the Institute has furnished a considerable proportion, have taken to sending him their rhymed productions to be criticised, - expecting to be praised, no doubt, every one of them. I must give you one of the spiciest extracts from his paper in his own words:

"It takes half my time to read the 'poems' sent me by young people of both sexes. They would be more shy of doing it if they knew that I recognize a tendency to rhyming as a common form of mental weakness, and the publication of a thin volume of verse as a *prima facie* evidence of ambitious mediocrity, it not inferiority. Of course there are exceptions to this rule of judgment, but I maintain that the presumption is always against the rhymester as compared with the less pretentious person about him or her, busy with some useful calling—too busy to be tagging rhymed common-places together. Just now there seems to be an epidemic of rhyming as bad as the dancing mania, or the sweating sickness. After reading a certain amount of manuscript verse one is disposed to sympathize the inventor of homophonous syllabification. [This phrase made a great laugh when it was read.] This, that is rhyming, must have been found out early."

"Where are you, Adam?" Here am I, Ma'am!" but it can never have been habitually practiced until after the Fall. The intrusion of unimmaculate terminations into the conversational intercourse of men and angels would have spoiled Paradise itself. Milton would not have them even in Paradise. Lost, you remember. For my own part, I wish certain rhymes could be declared contraband of written or printed language. Nothing should be allowed to be hurled at the world or whirled with it, or furlled up in it or curled over it; all eyes should be kept away from the skies, in spite of *as he is at mid-time*; youth should be coupled with all the virtues except truth; earth should never be reminded of her birth; death should never be allowed to stop a mortal's breath; nor the bell to sound his knell, nor flowers from blossoming bowers to wave over his grave or show their bloom upon his tomb. We have rhyming dictionaries let us have one from which all rhymes are rigorously excluded. The sight of a poor creature grubbing for rhymes to fill up his sonnet, or to cram one of those voracious, rhyme-allowing rignaroles which some of our drudging poetical operatives have been exhausting themselves of late to sublate with jingles, makes my head ache and my stomach rebel. Work, work of some kind, is the business of men and women, not the making of jingles! No, no, no! I want to see the young people in our schools and academies and colleges, and the graduates of these institutions, lifted up out of the little dismal Swamp of self-contemplating and self-languishing and self-complacating egotism which is surmounting the land with these literary sandwiches—thin slices of thinking sentimentality between two covers looking like hard-baked grit gringerbread. But what these young folks make up at my good advice! They get tipsy on their rhymes. Nothing intoxicates one like his or her own verses, and they hold on to their metro-ballooned-concocting as the fellows that inhale nitrous oxide hold on to the gas-bag."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in December Atlantic.*

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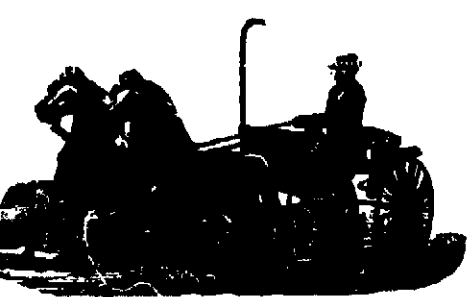
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No. 5.	No. 7.	No. 9.	No. 1.
Toledo, Lv.	7:45	12:30	6:00
Freemont	9:07	1:46	6:18
Clyde	9:23	2:02	6:33
Bellevue	9:37	2:16	6:47
Monroeville	9:55	2:32	7:02
Norwalk	10:10	2:47	7:22
Clarksville	10:28	3:04	7:41
Brighton	10:47	3:20	7:56
Wellington	11:00	3:35	8:10
Lodi	11:22	4:10	8:44
Creston	11:50	4:40	9:00
Orrville	12:20	5:10	9:30
Massillon	12:40	5:30	9:45
Massillon	1:20	5:40	6:40
Navarre	1:35	6:25	6:55
New Cambridge	1:50	6:40	7:05
Sherrillsburg	2:05	6:55	7:20
Valley Junction	2:15	7:05	7:30
Canal Dover	2:28	7:18	7:43
Newcomertown	3:27	8:17	8:42
Cambridge	4:30	9:20	9:45
Marietta	7:45	12:30	12:50

GOING NORTH AND WEST.			
No. 6.	No. 8.	No. 4.	No. 12.
Marietta, Lv.	8:40	3:00	12:50
Cambridge	8:55	3:15	1:05
Newcomertown	9:47	3:50	1:35
Canal Dover	10:25	4:30	1:55
Valley Junction	10:55	4:50	2:10
Sherrillsburg	11:10	5:05	2:25
Valley Junction	11:20	5:15	2:35
Massillon	12:20	6:15	3:35
Orrville	1:25	7:15	4:40
Creston	1:55	7:45	5:10
Lodi	2:10	8:10	5:25
Wellington	2:40	8:40	5:55
Brighton	2:52	9:00	6:10
Clarksville	3:02	9:10	6:20
Hartland	3:27	9:35	6:45
Norwalk	3:47	9:55	7:05
Monroeville	3:55	10:10	7:15
Bellevue	4:12	10:25	7:32
Clyde	4:17	10:30	7:38
Freemont	4:55	11:10	8:25
Toledo	5:55	12:10	9:25

CONNECTIONS:

At Fremont with L. E. & W. Ry.  
At Clyde with L. E. & W. Ry.  
At Bellevue with N. Y. & C. S. L. Ry.  
At Monroeville with L. E. & W. Ry.  
At Norwalk with L. E. & W. Ry.  
At Hartland and Norwalk with the L. E. & W. Ry.  
At Wellington with the C. C. & I.  
At Creston with the N. Y. & C. S. L. Ry.  
At Orrville with the P. F. W. & C. and the C. T. V. & W.  
At Newcomertown with P. F. W. & C. Ry.  
At Cambridge with L. E. & W. Ry.  
At Point Pleasant with Eastern Ohio Ry.  
At Marietta with M. & C. Ry.  
J. A. M. HALL, Gen. Passenger Agt.  
M. D. WOODFORD, Gen. Supl.

Cleveland, Mt. Vernon & Delaware Railroad.

TIME TABLE.

Standard Central Time.—In Effect, Sunday, May 21, 1885.

NORTH.

Leave	Not Ex.	Mail	Accom.	Not Ex.
Columbus	7:25 am		8:00 pm	
Columbus	11:55 am	1:30 pm	11:45 pm	
Westerville	8:11	1:55	12:12 pm	
Westerville	8:46	2:10	12:25 pm	
Westerville	8:55	2:17	12:30 pm	
Westerville	9:08	2:29	1:02	
Westerville	9:28	2:49	1:12	
Westerville	10:00	3:20	1:25	
Westerville	10:12	3:32	1:45	
Westerville	10:25	3:45	1:55	
Westerville	10:55	4:15	2:25	
Westerville	11:09	4:29	2:37	
Westerville	11:23	4:43	2:50	
Westerville	11:38	4:58	3:05	
Westerville	12:01	5:21	3:28	
Westerville	12:19	5:39	3:46	
Westerville	12:45	6:05	4:12	
Westerville	1:06	6:24	4:32	
Westerville	1:11	6:29	4:37	
Westerville	1:18	6:36	4:44	
Westerville	1:43	7:11	5:19	
Westerville	1:57	7:25	5:33	
Westerville	2:13	7:41	5:58	
Westerville	3:20	8:48	7:06	

SOUTH.

Valley Junction.....	2 05	8 40	7 25	
New Cumberland.....		6 55		
Sherrordsville.....Ar		7 10		
Valley Junction.....Ar	2 45		7 15	
Canal Dover.....	3 28		8 00	
Newcomertown.....	3 27		8 47	
Cambridge.....	4 30		9 45	
Marietta.....Ar	7 37		12 50	

GOING NORTH AND WEST.	No. 6.	No. 8.	No. 4.	No. 12.
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## Massillon Independent,

O. W. THOMAS. - - - EDITOR.

RECENT reports from St. Petersburg and Vienna, indicate that Russia and Austria are anxious for a fight. Go in, and may the best man win.

On Christmas day, Mrs. Grant received official notification that \$5,000 would be paid to her annually from the United States treasury. The people of this country will sanction this act on the part of Congress and President Cleveland. It is a fitting tribute to the memory of the man who served his country as faithfully as did General Grant.

The Democracy of Stark County, and Canton in particular, seem to have become disguised with Senator Payne and his coal-oil gang. In a letter from Mr. C. Schwietzer, chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Stark county, Senator Payne is informed that the committee declined to make any more recommendations for appointments to office in this county, and cites as a reason that not a single recommendation made by the committee has been favorably acted upon, and intimates that it does not care to be snubbed any farther. The letter very courteously suggests that in matter concerning this county the Senator consult with Mr. Paige and Mr. Shields in the matter of appointments.

In giving his dissenting opinion in the cases of the Hamilton county election frauds, Judge Johnson says "My regret at this decision is deeper than can be expressed by words. It is an apparent, if not a real, sanction to frauds of the most atrocious character, crimes that if continued, will ultimately sap and destroy our representative system and government. It is no comfort to say that a contest by the Senate of Ohio furnishes an adequate remedy, especially since by doubting these frauds the party benefited thereby gets control of the body which is to sit in judgment on the contest. They obtain their certificates by means of fraud and forgery; this entitles them to become members of the contesting body. This entitles them to sit and vote in their own cases or the cases of each other, and it would be a miracle if they or those who affiliate with them politically should surrender control of the Senate by ousting themselves, however strong the case may be for the contestants. Such a thing is unheard of in a contest by a political body, when a successful contest would surrender the control of that body to its political opponents."

## NAVARRE.

Rev. S. Corl is visiting Akron friends. G. F. Downey spent the holidays in Canton.

Make your rows, turn a new leaf, and write 1886.

An entertainment in the M. E. Church this evening.

Jim Raymond has returned from Des Moines, Iowa.

The dance at Julius Clare's was a lively affair last week.

E. E. Zintsmaster is visiting among Indiana friends.

S. M. Chase is doing quite a thriving business with his Victory Corn Mill.

Who said we would have a severe winter? We have been having regular spring weather here for over a week.

Mrs. Dr. Wolf and Miss Wyandt, of Wilmot, visited at the home of Dr. A. H. Gans, during the forepart of the past week.

Rev. J. M. Poulton's speech and the exhibition of "Jumbo," Nmas evening in the U. B. Church, left a lasting impression upon that vast assembly.

Enthusiastic Mike made a bold effort to usurp the throne of Marshal, but old "Buck" was too much for him. Try again, Basht; but wait till "Buck" goes to sleep.

Because of the severe illness of Mr. T. W. Chapman during the past month, his son A. W., who is now a resident of Muncie, Ind., was summoned home. The old gentleman has considerably improved, and on Wednesday, of last week, A. W. returned to his western home.

Roll up the Black Jack and lay in a new supply! No editor, no express agent, but "Korhley" says he's papa, and it's a wee bit of a girl baby. Mother and baby doing well, and even Frank seems to be able to stand the storm. Pass that "twofer" best Havana box of cigars, Frank.

## Card of Thanks.

The undersigned takes this means to return his sincere thanks to the kind neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted in the illness and death of his beloved wife.

WM. CROCKS.

The children and friends of Mrs. Rebecca Crock, are sincerely thankful to the many kind friends and neighbors so kindly assisted them in their hour of afflictions.

CHILDREN

## How Grant Marched Against Mark Twain.

The New York *Sun* calls attention to the curious fact that Mark Twain's article, in the December *Century*, entitled, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," is, by an odd coincidence, a contemporaneous supplement to chapter 18 in the first volume, just printed, of General Grant's memoirs. It appears that the only time that General Grant was really scared was when he had to meet the little army in which his future publisher was a private. At Palmyra, Grant, then a colonel, was ordered to move against Col. Thomas Harris, who was said to be encamped at the little town of Florida, some twenty-five miles away. In his memoirs General Grant tells how his heart kept getting higher and higher as he approached the enemy, until he felt it in his throat, but when he reached a point where he expected to see them and found they had fled, his heart resumed its place. Mark Twain was one of the "enemy," and that he and his fellow-soldiers were equally frightened appears in his frank confession in the December *Century*. The difference between the two soldiers was that Mark Twain was thrown into such trepidation that he then and there abandoned forever the profession of arms, whereas General Grant made on that occasion the discovery that the enemy was as much afraid of him as he had been of them. "This," says General Grant, "was a view of the question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety."

The following paragraph is from an article in the *Southern Biome* for January, on the power of San Jones, the revivalist:

All grammatical and rhetorical rules are sacrificed, even a moderate respect for good taste is ignored, if it be in the way of pungency and power. Usually the force of the statement crushes its own way to conviction. If the statement is regarded as not perfectly lucid in itself, he neither restates nor argues it, but trusts to illustration, by which method he escapes all confusion and keeps alive a keen interest. Take his solution of the question, "Where does the evil of gambling lie?" He thus illustrates: "A gentleman said to me, 'Why do you so denounce all games of chance and speculations in futures? The element of chance found in these runs through all the transactions of life. If you plant a cotton crop, it is a chance as to whether you make or lose.' Mr. Jones replies: 'All you say is true; but if I plant cotton and should raise a large crop and sell it at a fine price, is anybody else necessarily hurt thereby? If I begin a Christian life, and run well the race until a crown be won, is anybody else hurt thereby?' No capitalist who has once heard him can forget the kernel which he has thus deftly disencumbered of all husk."

## Attention, Floriculturists!

The *Ladies' Floral Cabinet* (\$1.25 per year, N. Y. City), completes its fourteenth year with the December number, which is unusually attractive both in illustration and in reading matter. "Santa Claus as a Florist," is represented on its first page, and E. Lance in the article following treats in a humorous yet forcible manner of the abuse of incorrectly naming plants offered for sale. "Rural Esthetics" is the topic of a valuable paper setting forth the pleasures and profits to be found in rural pursuits when properly conducted. Considerable space is devoted to the chrysanthemum, but no more than its excellence deserves. Wm. Falconer gives cultural directions for growing the seedlings, and E. L. Taplin, in "The Mikado's Flower," describes some of the most attractive varieties shown at recent exhibitions. Mrs. Fiske contributes a very amusing story entitled, "Reaping the Whirlwind," and the departments of domestic arts are filled with delightful suggestions for Christmas time.

The publishers announce as premiums for 1886, ten packets of choice flower seeds or a bulb of the *Tigridia grandiflora* or a bulb of the *Amurella rosea*, either of which go free to any subscriber requesting a premium.

We have arranged to give our readers the benefit of the *Floral Cabinet* and its premium flower seeds or bulbs at a combination rate quite favorable, viz., \$2.15 for our publication and the *Floral Cabinet* with choice of premiums. If any reader wishes to examine a copy and get details of premiums, before subscribing, send 6 cents, mentioning this offer, to the *Ladies' Floral Cabinet*, 22 Vessey street, New York.

## The Columbia Bicycle Calendar for 1886.

A truly artistic, elegant and convenient work in chromo-lithography and the letter press is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar for 1886, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston. Each day of the year appears upon a separate slip, with a quotation pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent writers on both sides of the ocean. The notable cycling events are mentioned; and concise opinions of the highest medical authorities; words from practical wheelmen, including those of clergymen and other professional gentlemen; the rights of cyclists on the roads; general wheeling statistics; the benefits of bicycling for ladies; extracts from cycling poems; and much other matter interesting to the public in general, and the cyclist in particular, appear from day to day. In fact, into a little measure is crowded in a highly attractive way, the past, present and future of cycling—a virtual encyclopedia upon this universally utilized "steed of steel." The calendar proper is mounted upon a back of heavy board, upon which is exquisitely executed, in water-color effect, a charming combination of cycling scenes by G. H. Buck, of New York. A mounted bicyclist in uniform is sounding the bugle-call while speeding past an echoing lake. In another view a party of bicyclists are enjoying a spin by the light of the moon. In another a sprightly and pretty, and daintily attired lady trieycler, bears evidence of the delightfulness of this health-giving exercise. As a work of convenient art it is worthy of a place in office, library or parlor.

Ladies embroidered velvet opera and overette only 75 cents a pair J. D. Frank & Co's cash store.

## Red Star

TRADE MARK.  
**COUGH CURE**  
Absolutely  
SAFE.  
SURE.  
PROMPT.  
25 Cts.  
AT WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.  
THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

## St. Jacobs Oil

TRADE MARK.  
**GERMAN REMEDY**  
For Pain  
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.  
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.  
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.  
THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

**THOSE WHO BELIEVE** that Nature will work off a Cough or a Cold should understand that this MAY be done, but at the expense of the Constitution, and we all know that repeating this dangerous practice weakens the Lung Powers and terminates in a Consumptive's Grave. Don't take the chances; use DR. BIGELOW'S CURE, which is a safe, pleasant and speedy cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles. In 50 cent and dollar bottles.

**DR. JONES' RED CLOVER TONIC**  
is the best known remedy for all blood diseases, stomach and liver troubles, pimples, constipation, bad breath, piles,ague and malarial diseases, indigestion, loss of appetite, nervous headache, and all diseases of the kidneys. Price 50 cents, of all druggists.  
**CRIGGS' GLYCERINE SALVE.**  
Try this Wonder Healer.  
PRICE 10 CENTS. 24-ly-nr

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL  
And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda  
Almost as Palatable as Milk.  
The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.  
AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCURF, LUNG AFFECTIONS, ANEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WANTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.  
Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
26 rp

**VIRGINIA FARMS** Mild Climate. Cheap homes. Northern Colony. Send for circular. A. O. BLISS, Centralia, Va.  
**FOR SALE OR RENT.**  
A two-story house with four rooms, good cellar, and water. Located on Clay street near Cherry. Enquire at Rolling Mill office.

**TANITE EMERY WHEELS.**  
COLUMBUS, McCune, Lonnis & Griswold.  
CLEVELAND York & Benton.  
TOLEDO, Bostwick, Braun & Co.  
CINCINNATI, T. & A. Pickering, Woodrough & McParlin.

**Report of the Condition**  
—OF—  
**The Union National Bank.**  
At Massillon, in the State of Ohio, at the close of business, Dec. 24, 1885.  
RESOURCES.  
Loans and discounts.....\$188,998.29  
Overdrafts.....400.20  
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....100,000.00  
Due from approved reserve agents.....26,211.91  
Due from other National banks.....6,083.75  
Due from State banks and bankers.....7,488.00  
Real estate, furniture and fixtures.....9,661.00  
Current expenses and taxes paid.....217.73  
Checks and other cash items.....2,520.82  
Bills of other banks.....1,520.00  
Specie.....11,261.10  
Legal tender notes.....1,535.60  
Reimbursement fund with U. S. Treas.urer, five per cent. of circulation.....3,760.10  
Total.....\$361,898.57  
LIABILITIES.  
Capital stock paid in.....\$100,000.00  
Surplus fund.....30,000.00  
Undivided profits.....2,883.75  
National bank notes outstanding.....30,000.00  
Dividends unpaid.....830.00  
Individual deposits subject to check.....30,682.86  
Demand deposits of depositors.....35,736.47  
Due to other National Banks.....1,250.00  
Due to State banks and bankers.....217.73  
Total.....\$361,898.57  
State of Ohio, ss: I, J. H. Hunt, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
J. H. HUNT, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of December, 1885.  
JOHN C. CARPENT, Notary Public.  
Attest:  
J. E. McLAINE, J. L. McLAINE, Directors.  
J. R. DENN.

**Legal Notice.**  
Almyra Bells, Before Josiah Frantz, Plaintiff, vs. A Justice of the Peace, Franklin Mark, in and for Perry town, Defendant. Ship, Stark Co., Ohio.  
On the 21st day of December, 1885, the above Justice is used an order of attachment in the above action for the sum of \$26.  
Romer A. Pinn, Attorney for Plaintiff.  
January 1st, 1886. 28-4w.

## Watkins Bros.

Respectfully invite your attention to the many bargains they are offering throughout their establishment, and you will find it to your advantage to see the inducements offered to buyers of Dry Goods, Notions and Cloaks. Our stock will be found complete in every department, and goods marked so low that you will find it a pleasure to deal with us.

We will only make brief mention of a few of the many bargains we offer you:

One Case 56-Inch All Wool Ladies' Cloth at 67½ Cents. PRICE ELSEWHERE, 87½ CENTS.

Fine Satins, Cashmeres, Coupures, Bourettes, Boucles, Brocade and Striped Dress Goods, all in the latest shades.

One Case 36-Inch Cashmeres and Satins, 12½ Cents.

One Case Brocade Dress Goods, 5 Cents.

Silks, Velvets and Velveteens.

Our Cloak Room is stocked with Winter Wraps of every description, at prices which are bound to interest every lady intending to buy a Wrap.

Ladies' Cloth Newmarket Coats and Circulars from \$3 up. Childrens' and Misses' Coats from \$1.50 up. Elegant Brocade Velvet, Boucle, Plush and Beaver Coats at prices that will make them sell at sight. Blankets, Flannels and Yarns. Woolen and Merino Hosiery and Underwear, in medium and light weight goods, for Ladies' Gents' and Childrens' wear, at prices to suit every one. Corsets, Neckwear, Ribbons and Fancy Goods. Soliciting your trade, we are Very Respectfully,

**WATKINS BROS.,**

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

20 East Main St.

MASSILLON, O.

## Hurrah Smokers!

If you want a good Cigar call for

Phil. Blumenschein's

Brands of Cigars.

They will give you good satisfaction. Try them and be convinced.

Store room and factory, two doors east of Union Hotel.

WEST MAIN STREET, MASSILLON, OHIO.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.  
**CATARRH**  
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents. 27-4w

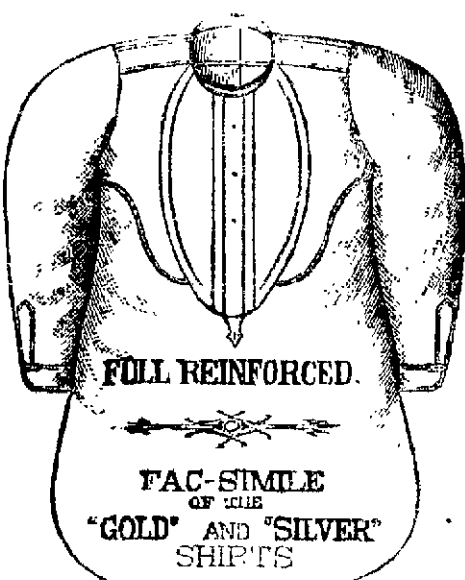
**LADIES!**  
With Hanover's Tailor System you can cut Dresses to fit, without oral instructions. Dress-makers pronounce it perfect. Price for System, Book and Double Tracing Wheel, \$6.50. TO INTRODUCE  
A System, Book and Wheel will be sent on receipt of \$1.00. Address: JOHN C. HANOVER, Cincinnati, O.

**DEAFNESS its Causes & Cure.**  
Frustrated by one who was deaf 28 years. Freed by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others by the same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 81st St., New York City.

**Assignee's Notice.**  
THE undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Assignee in and for the benefit of the creditors of Yost Brothers. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance.  
J. R. WHITE, Assignee.  
Massillon, Ohio, Nov. 4, 1884.

**Notice.**  
On the 7th day of December 1885, the Probate Court, of Stark county, Ohio, did read the estate of Charles Essener, deceased, to be probably insolvent. Creditors are therefore requested to present their claims against the estate to the undersigned, for allowance, within six months from the time above mentioned, or they will not be entitled to payment.  
WILLIAM DESIGN, Administrator of Charles Essener deceased. 36 6w.

**LEGAL NOTICE.**  
Joseph Kramer and Mary Kramer his wife, whose residences are to the plaintiff unknown, will take notice that Isaac B. Daugler, of the County of Stark, in the State of Ohio, did, on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1885, file his petition in the Court of Common Pleas within and for the County of Stark and State of Ohio, against the said Joseph Kramer and Mary Kramer his wife, defendants, setting forth that said Joseph Kramer and Mary Kramer his wife, did, on the 31st day of October, 1875, execute and deliver to said Isaac B. Daugler, a mortgage on lot number 19, of Kracker's second edition to the city of Massillon, in said county of Stark, to secure the payment of \$80, according to a certain note referred to in said mortgage, paying to said defendants many pay said sum with its interest at eight per cent., or that said premises may be sold to pay the same, and that said Joseph Kramer and Mary Kramer, are notified that they are required to appear and answer said petition on or before the third Saturday after the 16th day of January, A. D. 1886.  
ISAAC B. DAngLER. 26-7w.  
By R. A. Pinn, His Atty.



S. OBERLIN'S SONS

are Sole Agents for the above shirts in Massillon. It is impossible to get a better fitting shirt than this.

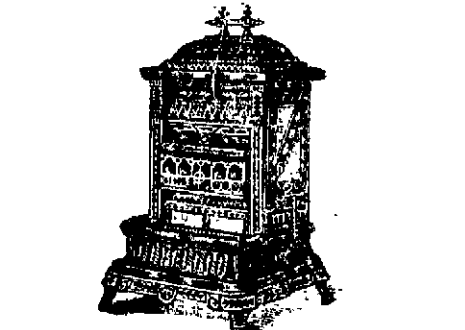
**GOLD AND SILVER**

Gold, Unlaundered—Silver, Laundered

**H. F. OEHLER'S**

**Cash Store**

18 HEADQUARTERS FOR



**STOVES, RANGES,**

House Furnishing Goods.

Roofing & Siding

14 W. Main St., MASSILLON.

**Notice to Stockholders.**

The regular annual meeting of Stockholders of the Union National Bank, of Massillon, O., for the election of Directors, will be held at the office of said bank on Tuesday January 12th, 1886 at 10 a. m.  
J. H. Hunt. 16-1m

## Cabinet Work.

**AMOS GIROD,**  
for a number of years past an employee of the late Peter Shauf, will continue the business as before, manufacturing

Bank and Store Counters.

Saloon and Bar Fixtures.

—AND—

**General Cabinet Work.**

Also has control of the

Shauf Dry Cold Air Refrigerator, for Saloons, Groceries, Butchers and Private Use.

I would respectfully ask the public to give me a call, promising to give satisfaction in all work, and prices very low. Shop just back of North Street High School Building.  
Yours truly,  
Amos Girod.

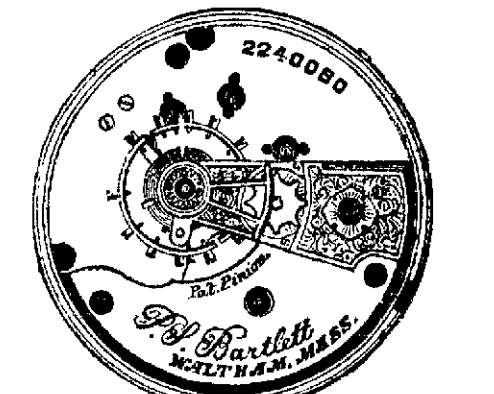
June 12-1f

## For Rent.

Two of the most desirable dwelling houses in the city located on West Tremont street. One containing six and the other seven rooms. All accommodations. Call on R. A. PINN, Bamberlin's Block for particulars.

**R. KIRKPATRICK,**

Watchmaker and Jeweler.



**ALL WORK WARRANTED.**

Cor. Mill and Tremont Streets.

25-3m

**WEST SIDE COAL YARD.**

From and after this date any different kinds of Coal will be delivered at the following prices:  
Pure Massillon Lump \$2.50  
Brush Hill Lump 2.50  
Wheeling Creek Lump 2.50  
Massillon & Cannel Lump 2.20  
Massillon Nut 2.00  
Leave orders at E. Hering's West Side Grocery, J. J. Bernard's Cigar Store, Opera Block, and at Kitchen Mill.  
Respy  
J. L. GREEN.  
Telephone No. 81.



## Home and Neighborhood.

Local reading notices set in Brevier type—the size of type used on this page—five cents per line for first insertion, and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Reading notices set in larger type, ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Single notice inserted for less than twenty-five cents.

Mr. John Sumock smiles; it is a boy; came on Christmas.

At the Second Club dance to-night at the Park Hotel visitors are expected from Canton and Akron.

Rev. Booth, pastor of the U. B. church, preached at the Salvation Army barracks, Monday evening.

Prof. Baer's orchestra furnished the music for a grand ball last Wednesday evening in New Philadelphia.

Mr. James Merwin presided over the instruments at the city telegraph office the past week in the absence of Mr. Drake.

Mr. Henry Schwartz received a very painful wound in the hand last Saturday by the accidental discharge of a revolver which he was cleaning.

We wish to return our thanks to Dr. McGhie for substantial recollection. The Doctor is an energetic, go-ahead man, and is deserving of success.

Manager Starn informs us that a telephone line has been completed between Alliance and Pittsburgh, thus making direct communication between this city and Pittsburgh.

Mr. Solomon Lichtenwalter, one of the oldest inhabitants of Stark county, died at his residence in Jackson township last Saturday at the advanced age of eighty-eight years.

After two weeks of idleness the gas drillers have resumed operations. The eager and expectant public may rest assured that when gas is struck we will apprise them of the fact.

Wilson Garber was the lucky holder of the ticket that drew the gold watch that was disposed of by lottery by Messrs. Eckhart and Rider, the gentlemanly clerks at Z. T. Baltzly's.

Massillon now has two very pretty barber shops; one under the German Deposit Bank occupied by John Fields, and the other under Dielhen's clothing store where the Goins Bros. hold forth.

Manager Starn of the telephone exchange and Miss Crooke, the day operator, were substantially remembered by a number of their patrons on Christmas in the shape of a purse of \$45, of which Miss Crooke received \$35.

Can't something be done to stop the gang of boys from collecting in the stairway and hall at the Opera House every evening a show is being given there. They make themselves a decided nuisance and should be made to know their place.

Mat Core, Jacob Lantz and Frank Gestner, the persons who were arrested for creating a disturbance at the Salvation Army meetings, had a hearing before Justice Folger on Saturday. They plead guilty, and a fine and costs amounting to \$5.50 each was imposed.

Henry Burger committed suicide in Canton, on Monday, by hanging himself in Mr. D. Tyler's barn. He had been employed by that gentleman as hostler for some time. He was addicted to drink, and it is supposed that he was intoxicated when he hung himself. No other cause appears to exist for making away with himself.

At the last regular meeting of Tuscarawas Lodge, No. 70, A. O. U. W., the following officers were elected: John Len, M. W.; E. Gleitsman, Foreman; Adam Wendling, Overseer; Henry Wilhelm, Guide; F. H. Killinger, Recorder; John Silk, Financial; J. C. Haring, Receiver; S. Klotz, O. W.; Henry Snyder, E. W.; Paul Kirchhofer, Louis W. Gise and M. Schafer, Trustees.

Two burglars attempted to make a raid on the residence of Father Kuhn. The noise made in raising the window awakened Mr. Kuhn, who immediately got his revolver and awaited their coming. As soon as one of them was seen the reverend gentleman discharged his weapon, but failed to hit the object at which he aimed. The burglars fled precipitately and succeeded in making their escape.

Tuesday was a red letter day for the Salvation Army people. United States Commissioner Frank Smith, was here on a tour of inspection. Staff Captain and Mrs. Inman were also here, and a number of officers and soldiers from the neighboring cities. The Army band from Cleveland furnished music for the occasion. The entire force marched in procession in the evening. The officers rode in four carriages followed by the band and soldiers. After the procession services were held in the barracks.

Constables F. W. Pomeroy and Dallwick Kirk, are on trial before Justice Folger on charge of robbery. The complaint sets forth that they went to the residence of Moses Clay, in Jackson township, to arrest a son of Mr. Clay on charge of bastardy. On account of inclement weather and illness on the part of the prisoner, it was decided that Pomeroy should remain and guard the prisoner until the next day. Mr. Clay claims that during the night some money was stolen from a secretary which stood in the room occupied by the constable and his prisoner. The result of the trial will be given in our next issue.

## Personal and Society.

Miss Sallie Valleley, of Canton, is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Louis Cheney, of Chicago, is visiting friends in this city.

Miss Julia Fisher, of Akron, is visiting with Miss Sadie A. Corns.

Mr. John M. Atwater spent Christmas with the family of A. J. Bicks.

C. C. Kellogg, foreman of this office, spent Christmas in Clarksfield, O.

Misses Mary and Grace Dangler gave a small card party last Tuesday evening.

Miss Jessie Thrasher, of Garrettsville is visiting the Misses Mary and Arletta Yost.

Miss Maggie Davis has gone to Pittsburg on a visit of several weeks, with relatives.

Miss Laura M. Russell entertained a number of young friends last Tuesday evening.

Mr. V. R. King, of the postoffice, is struggling with a severe attack of the rheumatism.

Mr. & Mrs. Warren Myers of St. Louis Mo., formerly of this city, are visiting relatives here.

Karl F. Miller, Willard Arnold and Rob Skinner were at the Club dance last night in Canton.

Miss Lydia Bayliss will entertain her friends next Monday evening at the Waverly Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Ryder are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Myers, of St. Louis, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Warrington Warwick, spent Christmas with Mrs. Warwick's parents in Pittsburgh.

Mr. Frank Wilson, of Cincinnati, spent the holidays in this city. Mr. Wilson is an old Massillonian.

E. L. Arnold, Archer C. Corns and Miss Sallie O'Donnell will attend the Social Club hop this evening in Akron.

Messrs. Henry Strong, David Bowen and Chas. G. King, spent Christmas with friends at Bellaire, O., and Wheeling, W. Va.

Misses Olive Howald and Minnie King spent Christmas at the Fairmount Children's Home, the guests of Miss Flora Niesz.

Mr. Proctor Sease and Miss Maggie Aultman, of Orrville, visited Mr. David Bowman and family, the fore part of the week.

Mr. E. B. Smith and wife and Miss Mary Charles, of Canton, are the guests of Mr. Jerome and Miss Lillian Kaley to-day.

Miss Carrie Goli, postmistress at Lakeville Station, O., is visiting at the residence of Mr. Joseph Kaley on North street.

Messrs. Larry Webster, of Bay City, Michigan; and Ralph Judd, of Salem, O., are guests at the residence of Mr. J. H. Purcaw.

Mr. Walter Neiss, a former resident of Massillon, was married on Christmas Eve, in Los Vegas Hot Springs, N. M., to Miss Ada Brewster.

Mr. Joseph K. Merwin and daughter, Miss Myra B. Merwin, are attending the annual session of the Ohio Music Teachers' Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Asahel Bresae went to Gambier on Wednesday. They will make that place their home until Mr. Bresae completes his college course.

Mr. Ulysses Ritter, who is shipping clerk in Russell & Co.'s Milwaukee branch establishment, spent the holidays in town among his many friends. He returns to Milwaukee to-day.

Mr. Ed. Merwin, an old employee of the Independent office, but who is now engaged in teaching short hand at Milwaukee, Wis., spent the holidays with his parents and friends in Massillon.

Our genial friend Mr. J. Y. Yockey, of the Fulton Signal, called at our sanctum yesterday. Mr. Yockey and the editor of this paper were schoolmates in bygone days, and we enjoyed very much our talk of old times.

Mr. J. R. Hendry, who has officiated as clerk at the Park Hotel under the present management, has secured a similar position in the French House at Lima, Ohio. He will go to that place the first of the coming week.

## AMUSEMENTS.

## OPERA HOUSE.

The Ellis Family Bell Ringers will give a concert at the Methodist Church, Saturday evening, January 9, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society.

The Opera House management would do well to profit by "Si Perkins'" hint and replace the present scenery by new, or at least put the old in repair.

"Si Perkins," or "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is one of the most amusing of plays. It is chuck full of fun and wit and kept the audience in a roar the entire evening. Mr. Frank Jones is a show in himself. The other characters were well taken, and all combined to make a good entertainment.

## A Card.

Allow us through the columns of your paper, to extend our thanks to the many telephone subscribers for their kindness on Christmas, and allow us to wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year.

LYDA CROOKS,  
Day Operator,

J. E. STARN,  
General Manager.

## ATTEMPTED MURDER.

Mr. D. J. Begges, a Prominent Merchant of Canton, Horribly Mutilated by a Robber.

George Green, a Colored Janitor, Arrested on Charge of Committing the Crime—Damaging Evidence.

Canton was thrown into a state of intense excitement by the announcement that an attempt had been made to murder Mr. D. J. Begges, a prominent quensware merchant of that city, Thursday night. The first one to sound the alarm was George Green, a colored man, who was hired as janitor of the Whitting-Poyser block, in which Mr. Begges roomed. At 9:40 o'clock, Green rushed into the law office of Mr. Charles Upham with the startling intelligence that Mr. Begges was all cut up. In a few moments the news spread through the block, and the occupants rushed to Mr. Begges' room, where he was found lying on the bed in a pool of clotted blood. His face was slashed by

## FIVE HORRIBLE GASHES,

and there was also one on his neck. His left ear was almost severed from his head and lay over on his neck. The most dangerous cut was one about five inches long and extending across the left cheek from the bridge of the nose. He was unconscious. In a short time Dr. Fraunfelder arrived and with the assistance of Dr. Miller, a dentist, dressed the wounds. Marshal Slagel and Deputy Sheriff McKinney arrived in a few moments after Dr. Fraunfelder. They called Green into the hall, and told him that he was suspected of having committed the crime and placed him under arrest. Upon being searched, two coin bags, one old and the other new, was found on his person. They contained \$27.40 in small silver coins. His residence was also searched but nothing was found. The only clue obtained by searching the room of Mr. Begges was the following letter, which is supposed to have been intended to mislead anyone searching for a clue:

DEAR SIR:—Little did you think when you asked me up to your room last night to drink gin with you that this would happen. I wanted to do this long ago but I couldn't get at you before. I will leave you now to repent for your doings. Revenge is sweet. I will meet you at the theatre next fall and will have a good time. Adieu.

It was found that a gold watch, a revolver and a coin bag containing silver had been taken, but these were the only articles missing.

On Thursday evening between 11 and 12 o'clock, Mr. Begges gave Mr. Bour, his chief clerk \$100 in paper money to keep for him, while he took the balance of the day's receipts with him, and went to his room, accompanied by one of his clerks, who says he heard him lock the door of the hall as he went in.

About 9 o'clock Friday morning, Miss Fannie Greeting, a niece of Mr. Begges, called at the store to see him, and not finding him went to his room, but was unable to obtain any response to her rapping, although she says she heard some one in the room. Miss Greeting tried the door, but it was locked. She went home considerably distressed, thinking her uncle was sick.

It was not more than an hour after that that Green gave the alarm, and who said that he found the door unlocked.

When Mr. Bour arrived at the scene of the crime, he spoke to Mr. Begges, wanting to know who did the deed. Mr. Begges replied that he did not know, and fell back on his bed unconscious, remaining so until Saturday morning. At this time he addressed a few words to Mr. Bour, telling him where he would find certain sums of money in different places in the room. The money was found as indicated, so that is pretty certain that the only money taken was in the coin bag, which was missed soon after the discovery of the crime. At noon on Saturday, Mr. Begges said to Mr. Bour that "They ought to kill that damn nigger," he hit me over the head. Mr. Bour asked him if he had seen the nigger, but he replied, "He struck me over the head." When asked about the gashes in his face and neck, he seemed surprised and did not appear to have been aware of them before that.

## GREEN DENIES ANY KNOWLEDGE

of the affair, and says he was in bed from 10 o'clock in the evening until 5 o'clock the next morning. He says Mr. Begges always treated him well, and that he would have no reason for committing such a deed. Upon arising at 5 o'clock Christmas morning, he went up to the square, to attend to his duties at the various places he was employed, stopping at Mrs. Meisler's saloon on Plum street on the way. He stated very positively that he was not on the street before 5 o'clock. Green stated that it was not uncommon for Mr. Begges to go to bed without locking the door. When informed that Mr. Begges had returned to consciousness and had made some very damaging statements against him, he seemed considerably excited and said "O! he can't conscientiously accuse me; he knows better." It would have been impossible for him, so cut up, to recognize any one.

From the appearances of the room it seems that Mr. Begges made a great effort to let his niece into his room when she was at the door. There was a large spot of blood on the floor, and chairs and other articles of furniture were overturned, while Miss Greeting says the person she heard moaning in the room seemed to stumble and stagger as though groping his way in the dark.

## EVIDENCES AGAINST GREEN.

James Goins, colored hostler for Dr. Phillips, says he saw Green about 3:30 o'clock in the morning, talking with some one whom he did not remember, on the corner of Seventh and Market streets. Green came to Snyder's saloon at Court and Fifth street, Thursday evening, saying Mr. Begges sent him for a gun, as a large business had been done at the store that day and he was obliged to keep considerable money in his room that night. Snyder said it was rather risky to keep much money, and that he might be assaulted. Green replied that it was risky and that he would be assaulted sometime. He was at the same saloon again about 4 o'clock Friday morning. Christmas morning he seemed to have plenty of money. He drank at several saloons, paid two debts that he had made previously, and bought a trunk, stating he intended to take a trip next week.

Marshal Slagle obtained some letters written by Green, and compared them with the letters found in his room and the writing on each was very similar. Green, as janitor of the building, was in possession of keys to the door of Mr. Begges' room, and these were found on him at the time of his arrest.

## TALK OF LYNCHING.

Talk of lynching was indulged in pretty freely by the crowd that surrounded the block all day, but no one seemed ready to assume the leadership. The officers of the jail were thoroughly prepared for an outbreak, and it would have been difficult for a mob to have effected an entrance into the jail.

Mr. Begges is improving and his recovery is probable. He said on Monday, when asked if he had seen Green, that he had not, but that he had hit him over the head, and that he thought he must have been in his room when he came to bed.

Green will probably be tried upon a charge of assault with intent to rob, for which the punishment is from one to fifteen years.

Green was arraigned on Monday evening, in the jail by Mayor Rex. This was done for the reason that it was feared a mob might take advantage of the opportunity should he be taken to the court house. He plead not guilty and was sent back to jail to await the preliminary hearing which takes place to-day.

## Society Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Focke, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Reese, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Peacock, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McLain, and Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Brown, are the members of the Poverty Hill Whist Club which has its meeting weekly at the homes of the members. The next meeting will be at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Reese.

Landlord Bayliss, of the Waverly Hotel, entertained the Massillon Rod and Gun Club last Tuesday evening. The club was out in force, and the manner in which the bill of fare was gone through clearly evidences that the assassination of clay pigeons every Friday, when it don't rain, does much for one's appetite. The most notable event of the evening, next to the supper, was Hon. H. C. Cole's speech, wherein the sportsman was extolled and everybody made happy. With Nimrod for a starting point he spoke encomiums of every historical character that ever carried a gun, dwelling at length upon William Tell, "Bish" Sharpnack and Daniel Boone.

Long and loud are the complaints which are made by our best people of the laxity in the management of the Opera House. It is the proprietor's prerogative to keep the house in any condition he pleases, however beastly, but a theater is a place of public resort, and those in charge of same are bound to insist upon decorum within its walls. The whistling and stamping and the obscenity which the gallery gods bawl to each other across the auditorium, frequent hisses and calls of "rats," keep more respectable people from our Opera House than the management realizes, for did it but know how many dollars are nightly turned away from the doors, for this reason only, there would be an immediate correction, even if no other motive will actuate it.

SCOTCH.

## Obituary.

Died.—Mrs. William Crooks, died at her residence in Massillon, Thursday morning, December 24, 1885, of Paralysis of the heart. Aged 38 years, 11 months and 12 days.

Rebecca L. Crooks, died at her home Saturday, Dec. 26, 1885, of cancer. Aged 61 years, 1 month and 5 days.

## W. &amp; L. E. Holiday Excursion Rates.

Holiday Excursion Tickets for Christmas will be sold Dec. 24th and 25th, and for New Year's Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st 1886. All Tickets good for Return until Jan. 2d, 1886. For any information call on any agent of this company.

Mr. E. Gleitsman, has secured the sole agency for the Magnetic Spring Water and sells it at the same price charged at the springs. This water will be found an excellent remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Female Diseases, Liver Complaint, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Paralysis and Dyspepsia. 28 ts

A larger, better and handsomer line of Jewelry than we ever had before. Every article a bargain at the 5 and 10c Store.

SKINNER BROTHERS  
Booksellers and Stationers.

We will be pleased to order renewals and take subscriptions for any publication in the world, including local newspapers. Persons placing their whole list in our hands will receive very favorable terms and can always save the expense of sending money, trouble of correspondence and postage.

40 E. Main St., - - Massillon, Ohio

## Xmas Gifts.

The great Holiday will soon be here, when everybody expects to receive and give a Christmas Present.

A very sensible gift, one that will be appreciated, gratify a want and never be forgotten is that of an overcoat for a man.

We have them from \$18 to \$25; or a suit of Clothing—we have them at prices from \$20 to \$25. For a boy a Suit or an Overcoat, prices from \$12 to \$15. Children's in proportion. An elegant stock of Underwear from \$2.25 to 12c. Hats from \$5 to 25c. Caps from \$1.50 to 15c. Knit Jackets from \$3.50 to 50c. Gloves from \$2.25 to 20c. Shirts from \$3 to 30c.

Socks from 7c. to 5c. Mufflers from \$1 to 25c. Handkerchiefs from \$2 to 5c. Neckties (immense stock) from \$1.50 to 10c. Collars from 25c. to 1c. Fur Mitts, Comforters, Valises, Trunks, Jewelry, &c., &c.

The entire stock way up in style, material, workmanship, and way down in price. The prices never were lower.

DIELHENN'S  
Arcade Clothing Hall.

No's. 9 & 11 Main, 2, 4, & 6 Erie Sts.

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The Daisy Hoop Gun to play the game of "Ringolette," or the WILLIAM TELL BOW GUN. Either of these guns will be given with every purchase of Boys' Clothing to the amount of \$4 or more. Besides this

Prices have been Greatly Reduced

In every department of our store. We will sell you

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Neck Wear, Gloves, Etc.,

cheaper now than you have ever been able to buy them before. The season is getting late for us, and we have a large stock of goods to dispose of, hence the extraordinary inducements. If you wish a Holiday Present for your father, your husband, your brother, your son, or your friend, we have many elegant and useful articles to show you. Time nor space will not permit us to enumerate everything, but call on us and you will be convinced that you can buy a Suit or Overcoat at a low price and almost no price at

WHITMAN'S CLOTHING HOUSE,  
11 W. MAIN STREET,  
MASSILLON, OHIO.

## IMPORTANT.

For the celebrated all wool felt slippers for ladies and gents ware go to J. D. Frank & Co.

You can find the largest assortment in the city of Gents Neckties, Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs and Gloves at C. M. Whitman's Clothing House, 11 West Main street.

THE STORE ROOM in my Marble Shop, formerly occupied by Mr. Held as a jewelry store is now for rent. Suitable for shoe shop, tailor shop, or grocery store. Q. W. REEVES.

ROYER'S GERMAN SPECIFIC cures Diarrhea, Cholera, Cholera Morbus and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels. For old or young, pleasant to take. Price 25c. For sale by druggists and at country stores.

For seamless foot warmers hand made durable, noiseless and popular go to J. D. Frank & Co cash store.

"When I want a good comfortable smoke, I always buy Blumenschein's Pride of the East." Price 5c.

For 75 cents you can buy men's embroidered slippers at J. D. Frank & Co's cash store.



# MINING FOR WOOD.

An Underground Forest of Cedar in New Jersey, Perfectly Preserved.

A correspondent writing from Cape May gives the following description: Dennisville, Cape May county, N. J., is reached by stage. The village is hidden away in the pines. Around it are a number of small but good farms. Twelve hundred souls endure its seclusion and quiet. No one can tell how long the town has existed; the old inhabitants say it was always old.

It was a prosperous town during the Revolutionary war and after. Hundreds of American ships were built on Dennis creek, which flows through it. Its thriftiness is now a reminiscence and the people just "make shift." They keep up the appearance of respectability by a liberal use of whitewash. Nearly every house in the place has been encased with lime, while the barns and fences do not relieve the monotony.

Mining out logs has been the occasional industry of the place ever since Dennisville existed. Several thousand acres of swamp land follows the course of Dennis creek, beneath whose vegetable deposit are buried millions of feet of lumber. Giant cedar trees, laid low by winds a thousand years ago, are mined out, and the aromatic wood is valuable for shingles and cooper's staves.

The manner in which these logs are secured has not its parallel in mining operations. A long spear is used to locate the logs, which are generally several feet under the surface. After the trunk has been probed the miner can tell how much of it is sound. The deposit is removed and the solid part is separated by sawing. The excavation is gradually filled with water and the moment the log is released from the buried part it floats to the top with the lightness of cork. In coming up the log will turn over, always coming bottom side up. Frequently logs have been exhumed that have been fifty feet long and four feet in diameter, giants that were fit to keep company with the fully brotherhood of Lebanon. The average log is twenty feet, with a diameter of two.

Some of the miners immediately tear off the outer bark and smell the dry and aromatic log. The odor indicates its possible age, and few can tell whether it has been blown down by the wind or fell from age.

The only wood burned here is the white cedar, *Thuja Spicata*. It is the most valuable timber land in America. It is fine grained, easily split and strongly aromatic. It is used for frames of buildings, and especially for shingles. Its charcoal is valuable for gunpowder, and fine lumpblack can be made from its smoke. The years that it has lain under ground has improved its weight and aroma. When exposed to the air the silvers become tough and the wood hard. The venerable-looking proprietor of the Gatzert house will tell you his shingles have been on the old inn for fifty years, and they are harder to day than when they were backed on the rafters. Pieces of new cedar, that were not exposed half the time, have long ago gone to rot.

The old men of Dennisville shake their heads when you ask them how many years ago it was when the buried cedars yielded to the force. "The old deacon will tell you it was when Solomon was praising the cedars of Lebanon to Queen Sheba. The use of these buried trees has caused much speculation, and it is given by several authorities of national reputation that the trees must have grown many thousands of years ago. In the forestry report for 1877 many authorities are quoted, and they agree in the matter of time.

The great durability and age of cedars are frequently cited in history. Its fragrant wood was used in the celebrated temple of Hiram at Ephesus, and in Solomon's temple. The Egyptians anointed their mummies and their rolls of papyrus with the oil of cedar to preserve them. Over the buried cedar there grows healthy young cedars.

It is conceded that these trees have fallen centuries ago, for some excavations have shown a half-dozen logs lying across each other and in different stages of preservation, suggesting that they fell at different periods. At many places in the swamp the trees can be seen stumps, of which the trunks have fallen probably two hundred years ago.

The pond, which is north of the village, is dotted with stumps, which stick up several inches above the water. When the pond is still there can be seen lying at the bottom of it the fallen trunks. This is particularly noticeable in winter when the pond is frozen over.

The remarkable preservation of these old logs is thus accounted for by scientists: Of the two hundred or more antiseptic processes known for preventing the decay of woods, salt and water, containing the minerals such as compose the parts of cedar, swamp water forms the basis. Water is of itself a good preserver, and with knowledge of this Commodore Perry sank the captured fleet on Lake Erie in 1814. In this particular case there is a vegetable deposit covering the logs, and it has assisted to preserve and improve the wood.

At Dennisville from \$9,000 to \$10,000 worth of shingles are made annually from the mined logs, much of which is now from ten to fifteen feet under the surface, and the people have not the capital to work it out. Knowing ones declare that there are still enough underground to pay a syndicate to work it. In the history of forests this is the only known sunken forest in America, and is one of our national curiosities.

## Lamar Mistaken for Ben Butler.

One of Secretary Lamar's characteristics is sympathy for imbeciles. This kind of philanthropy, however, has its drawbacks. The other day an individual tottered into a street-car where the secretary was riding. The first thing he did was to throw a dollar through the opening in the front door. By and by the driver passed back the change done up in a little package. The drunken man shoved it in his pocket. Pretty soon the driver opened the door and called out sharply: "Put in your fare." The drunken man stared, but didn't move. People began to titter. "Never mind," said Lamar, looking benevolent at the befuddled passenger; "I'll fix it for you," and he stepped up and put a nickel in the box. The situation was still misty, but the drunken man recognized that in some way the secretary had done him a friendly act. He extended his hand, and Mr. Lamar shook it, saying: "That's all right."

The drunken man gazed steadily and earnestly at his benefactor for nearly five minutes. Then a broad grin spread over his face as he reached out his hand and said: "How d'ye do, Gen. Butler? I thought I know'd yer; fit with yer at New Orleans."

Mr. Lamar accepted the hand again, but with less suavely. "I know'd yer," continued the drunken man, and he kept on grinning while the people began to snicker.

"You don't think he takes me for Ben Butler, do you?" asked Mr. Lamar, rather painfully, of a friend who sat beside him. The secretary wasn't left long in doubt for after another hard look the drunken man delightedly pointed to his left optic and broke out with: "Got yer eye fixed since we was at New Orleans, hadn't yer?"

Mr. Lamar dropped out at the next corner, with an effort to look responsive to the smiles which followed him. — Washington Letter.

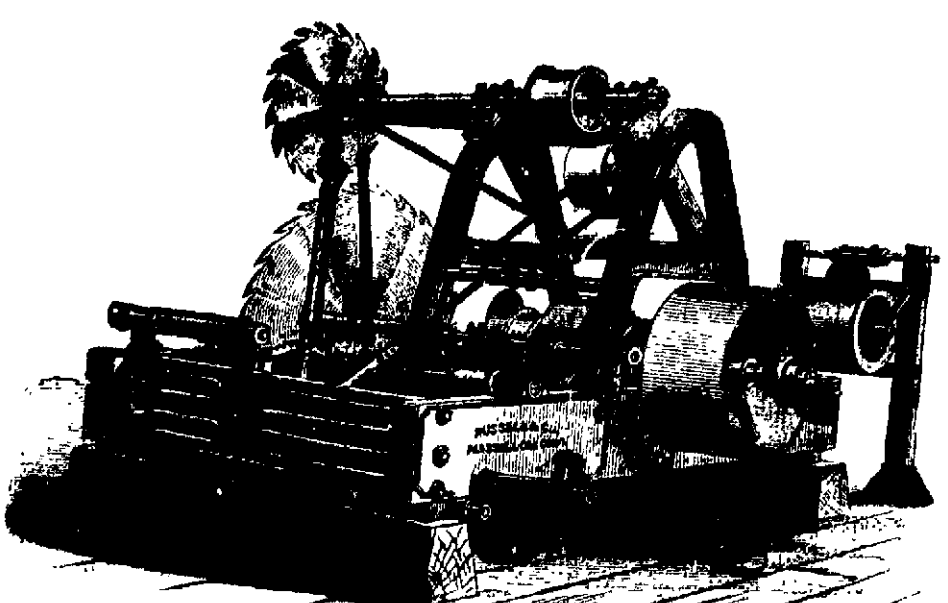
## Trance Visions in Poetry.

While Shelley is bold and extravagant, it is an Eschylean extravagance, that of genius, often magnificent. All through "Prometheus" he displays the mythological faculty of the world's primeval poets—a faculty shared with him by Keats. That passage about the orb that typifies the earth and the child-like spirit-asleep in it, the lovely picture of the "Chariot of the Hours," the songs of the earth and moon are instances also, as sung by the fauns, with the delicious nightingale passage, all of which Mr. Brooke has called "Music of the Woods." The "Mother of the Months" is born in her thin boat, floating up from her interlunar cave, "that orb of moon, with white fire-laden, whom mortals name the moon." One might almost be looking, as I have done, at those sacred pictures in the temple-tombs of Thebes, painted so many thousands of years ago. He tells us stories about the sun, moon, and stars; he narrates their adventures. Of course I don't vouch for the exact accuracy of all that; still I fancy it is much more true than to regard them as mere dead machines. We are told, indeed, by prosaists and dry-as-dust that all religion, including nature-worship, arises from the mistake, savages make in taking dreams of their dead friends for ghosts of them, which ghosts are afterwards stupidly supposed to animate natural objects. Well, I wonder what Shelley and Keats would have said to that? But we need not discuss it here and now. The truth is that nature is animate to the child, the primeval man, and the true poet. She is animate to Hesiod and Homer, though they had their own way of expressing their conviction, and we have ours. Certainly the new birth of inductive science and our modern habit of observing details minutely, enable us to regard nature more truly, as more about man, more as she is in herself. Shelley saw trance visions with shut eyes. They are also hand-scribbles that he mostly paints us, hardly the hand-scribbles of earth; these he saw with inward eyes, as he saw the vision of the child in the bay of Lened when his outward eye was open, the child, who may have been his own little William, beckoning him from the sea, and shortly after we know how his beloved friend, the sea, received him into her bosom. *Robert Noel, in the Boston Quarterly Review.*

## She is Now in the Chorus.

A queer thing occurred in the fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, the first night of the production of "Evangeline." In the extravaganza there are a number of beautiful girls, and among them is the daughter-in-law of a merchant of great prominence in New York. On the stage she is a sweet and delicate little creature, with fine features, big eyes, and a general manner. About two years ago a man of a man who was supposed to be a great catch. He is the son and heir of the merchant. I have referred to, and, though a hard drinker, is thought in society to be a decent sort of fellow at heart. He turned out to be a soft, he came some nights in his intoxication, he thrashed his wife, she was forced from his home. That she was not to blame is proved by the fact that his father contributed largely to her support after she had left the home. He made many promises, and she went back to him twice, but each time found it impossible to stay more than a day or two. Meanwhile her only relative and mother died and the remittances of her father-in-law ceased. She tried, needless to say, but it would not go, and finally went on the stage. Finally she went to John A. Mackay, the actor, a sort of everybody's friend, and he put her in the Evangeline company on a salary of \$14 or \$15 a week. The first night she came on the stage in a little peasant dress, and though her troubles within the last few years had made her thin and slight, she made a very charming picture. She was very much frightened, and trembled visibly. Only a short time ago the father died, and the son told her of an immense property. The night he occupied a box, and sat beside her in his wife, when ever she was on the stage. He was as white as a sheet, and seemed thoroughly unnerved. It is said that he has since promised to return, and friends of his have gone to the wife, begging forgiveness. Notwithstanding his money, however, she will have nothing to do with him, for, oddly enough, she has become stage-struck with her short experience, and prefers working for a small salary as a chorus girl to being the wife of a man of wealth. Perhaps she is right after all, when one takes into consideration the sort of a man her husband is.

When William D. Howells was editor of the *Atlantic* with a young lady of Philadelphia was the *Press* of that city, sent him the manuscript of a short story which she thought above the average. Some time passed and as yet no verdict had been announced. It happened that she one day answered a ring at the door. There stood a suspicious-looking stranger, with lowering brow and black hanging mustache. She thought it was a tramp or a pickpocket, and her motion to close the door abruptly was arrested by the question whether Miss ——— was at home. It was the editor himself, who called in person to explain that her story was excellent, but that a story of his own, already in type, had a plot so similar that it was impossible to use hers.

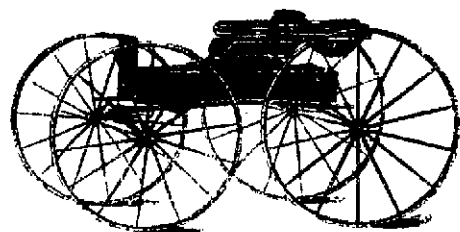


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## REPAIRING DEPARTMENT

Blacksmithing, Repainting, etc., receive special attention. In addition to my stock, I am selling a cheaper grade of Buggies than I make, am handling the best makes of

## COLUMBUS BUGGIES AND PHAETONS.

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## The Bathing.

Before her father's wigwag—(maiden glory of the forest)—  
In her scarlet blanket crouching by the trader's blue-eyed mate,  
Wee-no-nah, Indian princess, her black hair bound with coral,  
Watched stealthily a group upon the grass beyond the gate.

Her father in the foreground, brown and brawny, plumed and painted,  
Every inch a kindly savage, with his scalp-dance in his belt,  
Pointed out a distant valley to a fair New England stranger,  
Whom, negro servant, near them, by his master's trappings knelt.

Closely watching, like a panther, with her velvet eyes half open,  
The little princess murmured to the trader's wife part:  
"Brown as autumn leaves, my father; white as snow, the pale-faced chieftain,  
Black, the other, as the storm cloud ere the lightning rends its heart."

"Tell me, woman, wise in magic, bath the Manitou a meaning  
When he paints the warriors of the nations white, and brown, and black?  
The trader's blue-eyed consort smiling answered, sidewise leaning,  
As she shifted to her bosom the baby on her back:

"Wee-no-nah, 'tis a legend by the Seminoles narrated,  
Told at night about the camp-fires where the trader's red hat  
That the trader's blue-eyed consort smiling answered, sidewise leaning,  
As she shifted to her bosom the baby on her back:

"The first sprung promptly at his word, and, plunging, came out fiercer  
Than when he entered; but his bath had  
And he who followed (white at first) was stained with copper color,  
And he who lingered last, came forth as black as loun could make.

"Then Manitou cast down upon the grass beside the water,  
Three magic gifts (mysterious hid in skin of deer or doe),  
And bade the bathers choose at will. The heaviest and best  
The negro seized, and, opening, found a spade, a rake, a hoe.

"The red man next his treasure grasps—and lo! from out their wrappings,  
A fishhook and tomahawk, with bow and arrow, fall;  
While, last and least, the white man's choice,—within a tiny package,  
Are pen and ink and paper,—grandest, noblest gifts of all!"

"So then, young Wee-no-nah," laughed the bold wife of the trader,  
As she sprang upon her feet, and slung the baby on her back,  
"Then, little princess, that the Manitou had meaning  
When he changed the pale-faced bathers of the trader's wigwag and black?"  
—Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Chicago Times.

## THE FATAL THIRTEEN.

No one would have accounted Paul Forbes as a superstitious person. On the contrary, he was the most matter-of-fact, commonplace man you would be likely to meet in a day's travel. What cared such as he for a-shen coffins on the hearth? Nothing. Death-ticks he laughed to scorn; the howling day he mocked at; the fell number thirteen he arose in manly indignation against.

Some seem possessed of a natural ability to place all adjacent persons at ease when forbidding calamity approaches. The steady hand and the stern but convincing set of lips to brook all impending disasters—either or both of these have saved multitudes from rushing into the very jaws of death. Such a person was Paul Forbes.

"Paul, my dear fellow, do you mean to tell me that you do not believe in signs?"

"The whole thing is rubbish, pure and utter, from beginning to end. If it will relieve your mind, Harry, I will tell you plainly that I do not believe in signs," replied Paul, rising and stretching his six-foot-two of manly stature to its fullest capacity.

Beautiful as a Greek god; born to sway female hearts, never in love during the twenty-eight years of his existence. His eyes, blue, honest, and pure as the cloudless skies above his auburn curls, were—what were they? Weary of the constant gazing upon lovely forms bedecked with fashion's gayest caprices to attract men's eyes.

Oh, for a shady dell in some forest fastness! Those eyes might trace the beauty of wondrous Nature's charms! Ah, for—well, for almost anything but this constant throng of fair maidens, of diverse ages to be sure, who daily flock down to good old Neptune sport with his foamy crests, dive under his rolling waves, then flock back in dishevelled draggled attire to recuperate the bloom of youth brighten youth; youth more or less youthful according to the skill with which it is laid upon the cheeks.

Aye, Paul was weary of this. He saw through the transparent veil of artifice; some men will not. He was not blind. All his years had been cast among this same class.

Is it to be wondered at that he is weary, heart-sick, and tired? He wanted romance. Bah! Romance does not cast its clouds over a set of simpering girls, love-sick swains, and adroitly non-observant mamma's. The non-observant mamma has very watchful eyes; that is one of the traits of her seemingly non-observancy.

"Paul, have you ever been in love?" asked the first speaker, a pure specimen of the genus elegant, fashionable, and distingue.

Paul stopped in his pacing to and fro across the narrow confines of his room and asked in response:

"Have you, Duke?"

"A score—yes; more than double that number of times."

"And I—well, I've never been in love once," said Paul.

"Have you never met a woman whose charm of mind and person attracted you above all others?" asked Duke.

"Yes."

prize awaits some fair woman! Good-morning!"

The soft melodious voice of Duke was wafted back to Paul's ears as he stood there by the open window gazing out upon the crescent-like stretch of silvery sand alive with varied-hued forms dashing hither and yon, now paddling in the baby waves, now plunging head first through green rolling monsters, now pushing with strong strokes toward the limit chain, and now rising from the lap of old ocean bereft of charms.

There is no charm about a limp, lank figure. They all look lank in the latter-day prescribed bathing costume, emerging from the water and careering in a series of hops, skips, and jumps across the sands for some sheltering haven.

But the question—was Paul Forbes in love? He knew it.

No. He didn't know it.

Such love is the perfection of supreme bliss. Search for an object upon whose shrine you desire to throw your heart's fullest affections and you cloy the palate of love. Blindly when you love, gradually day by day when the subtle influence of another being enters your soul's haven—oh, this is love, purest, sweetest, divinest!

But what did his friend Duke mean when he asked him if he believed in signs? What had signs to do with love? Nonsense! It must have been a flitting fancy of Duke's mind. Paul put it aside—this fanciful womanish freak of mental distortions.

That evening Paul was one of a party gathered in the apartments of Marie Lascar, the rich Chinese widow who was staying at this gay seaside resort.

It was a brilliant picture of unlimited wealth. Gold flowed profusely from the lovely woman's hands.

After gazing into the depths of her glorious eyes, a man would enslave himself for life, merely to make sweet with pleasure this woman's existence.

Was she a true woman? No matter. She was the envy of her sex. The men were her devoted and willing slaves—within certain bounds, of course.

A man may admire a widow, when he dare not gaze the second time upon a maiden. Is it dangerous? Follow the fortunes of Paul Forbes, and learn from his career.

Suddenly Marie Lascar lowered the goblet upon the table with a crash. Every eye was upon her; every ear awaited the sound of her musical tones.

"The fatal thirteen!"

There was a strange uneasy light in her lovely eyes as the words fell from her rich red lips.

"Fatal thirteen? Pshaw! I am one who believes not in signs. If there is any one thing that I delight in more than another it is to tempt fate," uttered Paul.

Raising his glass, he added:

"Here's to the fatal thirteen!"

As he emptied his glass his eyes met Marie's. Her glass alone of all the others was drained. She alone had the courage to join him in the toast.

A cold shower, as of icy water, seemed to have fallen upon the gay party. It broke up hurriedly.

In a few minutes the guests had all departed but Paul Forbes.

"Mr. Forbes, you seem quiet."

Paul dropped the silver fork with which he was spearing emerald olives. He turned his face towards Marie, and in a low tone of voice said:

"May I have the pleasure of your company for a stroll by the seashore?"

"Certainly. I will ring for my shawl," responded Marie. To the maid who answered the bell, she said: "Bring me my shawl. Clear away the table, and—do not retire until my return."

It was a glorious night. The breezes puffed the surf waves with white caps, and played sweet though melancholy roundly among the green pines at the back of the clustering cottages.

The pair, arm-in-arm, wandered away from the beach. They walked on and on until they found themselves upon the shelving path overlooking the water.

As Paul gazed down upon the lovely face at his side his heart felt a sudden rapture such as it had never before experienced. He could have wandered on for ever with her by his side. He could have braved the wilds of foreign climes with her sweet face to cheer him. From his very heart seemed to ebb the subtle power of emotion, charming his soul to untold bliss; for her white hand pressed his arm more closely. Now he can feel the throbs of her heart. In the depths of her velvety eyes he sees that paradise such as men are blessed with, or cursed.

"Marie, do you know why I have brought you here?"

"For the lovely view, I suppose."

"Yes; for the lovely view of paradise. Heart of my heart—Heaven! how I love you!"

That was all. It was enough. She knew that he was a man of few words. Other men had dallied with sweet and soft words by the hour. This man's heart goes out towards her in a single breath.

"And do you recollect the fatal thirteen?"

"Why drive away the charm of my bliss, Marie? I laugh to scorn the token of signs. Such things are for wretches' tales. I do not believe in them. Tell me that you love me, Marie."

"You do not believe in signs?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Suppose I were to tell you that the fatal thirteen was to me the premonition of your disappointment? Suppose I were to tell you that in the fatal thirteen I saw the gathering of clouds for you—"

"And for you, Marie?" Paul asked.

"I am beyond all earthly joy."

Like a knell as though wrung from her heart came the words.

"Marie, tell me the meaning of your strange words. Do you—do you love me?"

"A—I never loved before; as I never can love again."

She softly but firmly released herself from his embrace as the echoes of her words away.

"Marie, Marie, what do you mean?"

"There is another who comes between—"

"Oh Heavens! What then is the meaning of these sombre words?"

"My mother," softly fell from her lips as she knelt upon the rocky shelf and crossed her hands upon her breast.

"And then you—you are not a widow?"

"Did you so suppose me?" asked she.

"Yes; you were spoken of as such, Marie," and the tones of Paul's voice were deathlike and husky. "The fatal thirteen told you of his return?"

"Yes."

"Let us go back. First, think me but blind, if you will. I should have asked you. More great Heavens! I should have fled from you. How I love you!"

It was the intensity of despair breathing in every tone of his voice. Once, just once, he touched softly with his pale lips her white brow.

Back to the hotel the pair went, but not arm-in-arm. They knew of the barrier. They were true to the decrees of law, both of God and man.

His Marie entered, the maid hastened forward and laid a sealed telegraph message upon her hand. The envelope was broken. It was quickly perused. She stood like a statue for an instant. Then, smiling faintly, she handed the message to Paul.

Mr. Lascar was shot this day by the Spanish authorities.

That was all.

Paul Forbes was a gentleman to the manner born. He knew that this woman, now truly widowed, loved him.

He bided his time before leading her to the altar.

And now, if you were to ask him if he believed in signs, he would smile and say:

"Perhaps—who knows?"

## Postal Savings-Banks.

It is generally agreed that a system of savings institutions that would be easily accessible to the people throughout the country, give them absolute security for their small savings, and repay deposit at short notice, would, even if the rate of interest were very low, be a great convenience to many people in every community, and a great encouragement to economy and thrift among working-men and people of small incomes. There are many who think that postal savings-banks similar to those which have been in successful operation in Europe and in the British colonies for a number of years would furnish just the sort of facilities for saving that are needed in this country. Many Americans know something of the working of the postal savings-banks in England, where they have been in operation since 1861.

There are now upward of 7,500 of the post-offices in the United Kingdom open, commonly from nine in the morning until six, and on Saturday until nine, in the evening, for the receipt and repayment of deposits. One shilling is the smallest sum that can be deposited. The Government has, however, recently issued blank forms with spaces for twelve penny postage-stamps, and will receive one of these forms with twelve stamps affixed as a deposit. This plan was suggested by the desire to encourage habits of saving among children, and by the success of penny banks in connection with schools and mechanics' institutes. No one can deposit more than £30 in one year, or have to his credit more than £150, exclusive of interest. When principal and interest together amount to £200, interest ceases until the amount has been reduced below £200. Interest at two and a half per cent is paid, beginning the first of the month following the deposit and stopping the last of the month preceding the withdrawal, but no interest is paid on any sum less than a pound or not a multiple of a pound. The interest is added to the principal on the 31st of December of each year. —Prof. D. B. King, in Popular Science Monthly.

## Consulting Her Father.

Young Mr. Ch. H. Isidore Coshingrin of Harlem was plainly embarrassed. For some minutes he had rested uneasily in his chair, and Miss Smith of Ninth street near Second avenue, upon whom he was calling, knew what was coming—or thought she did, and her heart-throbs were as the ticking of a clock.

"Miss Smith," he said feverishly, "can I—er—see your father for a moment or two?"

"My father?" she repeated with a blush; "certainly, Mr. Coshingrin," and, excusing herself, she swept from the parlor.

Presently the old man came in, and, after a short conversation with Mr. Coshingrin, he stepped to the door and summoned his daughter.

"It is getting late," said Mr. Coshingrin, whose face was radiant, "and, as I have a long ride before me, I think I will say good-night. Will I have the pleasure of finding you home Wednesday evening, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith blushing assured him that he would, and young Mr. Coshingrin was en route for Harlem.

"O, papa," she began, "did he—?" and then she stopped.

"You must ask no questions," said the old man, and he smiled as he stroked his daughter's hair fondly. "Mr. Coshingrin wanted to see me in regard to a little matter which for the present must remain a secret."

"I know, papa," pleaded the girl, "but you might give me just a little hint of what it was—just a word, papa—"

"O, well," he replied indulgently, "since you must know, Mr. Coshingrin wanted to borrow 5 cents to get to Harlem with." —N. Y. Zn.

## Two American Nobleman.

Thackeray, though he satirized snobbery with a pen of fire, appreciated the advantages of high rank and all that it implies, and he did not hesitate to write that even the heart of a stern moralist would throb with pleasure if he could be seen walking down Pall Mall arm in arm between two dukes.

While standing in the window of the fashionable Somerset club, looking out upon the passers-by, Thackeray said to a friend:

"I haven't seen in this country any men with the stamp of high social caste—such men as combine brains and blood in the British peerage. Have you no such men in America?"

The Boston club man replied that he had, and was going on to illustrate the subject when Thackeray's quick eye caught sight of two dignified and courtly looking gentlemen walking arm in arm on the opposite sidewalk.

"There," he said, "are the sort of men I mean. They look as if they were born dukes."

The great writer had seen two of the most democratic of Bostonians, both of them, however, had more brains and dignity than most wearers of coronets.

They were Edmund Quincy and Wendell Phillips.

## QUEER CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

The Foot of the Empress—Flogging a Constable—Punishing Suicidees.

A number of American doctors, who have for three years been practicing their profession in the hospital at Shanghai, China, returned recently to this country, bringing with them many curious notions of their stay in the Celestial Empire, and many strange and amusing stories of the customs of the people.

"Of course we take the New York papers," said Dr. Park. "We've got to do that to keep abreast of the times. There are many newspapers in China, but they are stale, always. Their circulation is small, because the people, as a rule, don't like to read. The news of the day is circulated at the tea-drinking shops in all the cities, where the people congregate in the evening. A few who have read the daily papers do the talking, the others gathering around to hear the news, and all commenting upon whatever is of interest."

"The Empress' foot?" he continued, in answer to an inquiry. "Oh, yes, it's of pretty good size; about a No. 2, I should judge. There have never been any clamps on her foot. But the ladies of the Imperial court. Their little, deformed, shapeless feet are curiosities. Some of these elegant ladies came to the hospital one day and I had the pleasure of showing them through the institution. They were accompanied by numerous attendants, whose chief duty seemed to be to support their mistresses, for actually the latter were not able to stand alone, much less to walk. Their feet, I think, did not exceed four inches in length."

"One night at Soo Chow I was awakened by a loud ringing of gongs. So unusual was the sound that I got up, dressed and went out in the street expecting to see the whole city on fire. But it was only a policeman patrolling his beat. The operations of the police are all open and above board. They would rather frighten a thief than arrest him. They patrol the streets at night armed with lanterns and gongs, beating the latter, and any offender within hearing of the unearthly noise has ample time for disappearing."

"In America the Chinese have a reputation for thievery; I don't know why. In my experience with them I have discovered that they follow the old rule of the horse-thief—never to steal a horse unless he is the fastest horse in the neighborhood. I mean to say that they never steal when there is the slightest possibility of their being detected. When they do steal, however, they steal systematically and in gangs. These gangs are all responsible, and are obliged to report to the constituted head of the profession, called the king. He is in with the officials of the different cities, and any one familiar with the fact and possessed of sufficient means, need never lose anything in China, for all he has to do to secure the return of stolen property is to make these officials a reasonable offer for it."

"The Chinese city, as a rule, has no fire department, and it is the duty of the constable to prevent fires breaking out, failure to do so, being considered neglect, and subjecting him to a public flogging. While a destructive fire was raging in Soo Chow, in the course of my visit there the populace, instead of making an attempt to quench the flames, devoted their entire attention to the whipping of the poor constable, who was so unfortunate as to be caught looking on the scene. I have learned since then that the constable is permitted to hire a substitute to take his flogging. He pays the man a small monthly salary to fill his place, but if the flogging happens not to be present in case of an emergency the constable himself is made to suffer. Of course, whenever he takes a thrashing he deducts so much from the pay of his substitute."

"In the matter of suicides there is a curious analogy in China to the old custom in England of burying the body of one who has taken his own life, at a cross-roads, with a stake through the body. In China the body of one who is so irreverent as to commit suicide without in the precincts of that portion of Peking in which the Imperial court is situated is solemnly brought to some public place—a bridge, for instance, and flogged. Whether the effect produced by such flogging is wholesome or not I have no means of judging, but the foolishness of the custom reminds me of the story about the man who, having killed the dog that bit him, continued to beat and kick it until a friend remonstrated, telling him that the brute was dead. 'I know he's dead,' he said to him, 'but I'll teach him, god darn him, that there's some hell and punishment after death.'"

"In a police court in Shanghai a foreign consul generally occupies the bench with the legal magistrate and the two bear the cases together. Sometimes they get at loggerheads, and a case is not decided for several days because of their disagreement. I have known the white judge to remain away from court for a week at a time because Chinaman, having been bought up by one of the litigants, wished to decide in his favor, and the white man wouldn't agree to do so. After a while one or the other—the Chinaman generally—yields, and the court proceeds to the satisfaction, or dissatisfaction, as the case may be, of all concerned." —N. Y. Tribune.

## DO NOT LIKE OUR FOOD.

Not a few articles of food that are popular among civilized peoples, some of them being even regarded as great delicacies, are rejected by many savage tribes as utterly unfit to be eaten. Some preparations of food, too, that we enjoy are not relished by uncivilized people because in their experience they have met with nothing like them. The natives of New Guinea, for instance, cook a few cereals in their own fashion, but they made very wry faces when they attempted to eat some fresh-baked biscuits that the missionaries gave them. They finally wrapped their biscuits up in paper, intending to keep them as curiosities. On some of the islands of the Malay archipelago there are hundreds of natives whose only industry is to collect the edible birds' nests that are esteemed a great dainty by the Chinese. They would not dream of eating them themselves, and they think the Chinese must be very peculiar people to use that sort of food.

The Esquimaux near Littleton island once discovered a supply of bread and

salt pork that Dr. Kane had cached, and they proceeded to enjoy a feast at the white man's expense. They liked the salt pork, and did not leave a morsel of it. This was probably the first chance they had ever had to vary the monotony of their meat diet. They nibbled the bread a little, promptly pronounced it a failure, and told Dr. Kane afterward that they would soon swallow so much sand. The Esquimaux generally dislike all the preparations of vegetables that the explorers bring among them. They think it is a perverted appetite that craves anything but meat. A tribe living not far from Port Moresby, New Guinea, that think boiled snakes are to be preferred to roast pig, draw the line at sugar. When they saw Dr. Chalmers, their first white visitor, sweetening his tea one morning they asked him for some of his salt, but they were incredulous, and so he gave some sugar to one of the natives. "He began eating it," says Dr. Chalmers, "and the look of disgust on his face was worth seeing. He rose up, went out, spat out what he had in his mouth, and threw the remainder away." Then he told the crowd what horrible stuff it was, and they were satisfied to take his word for it without trying it themselves.

Many savage tribes think eggs are wholly unfit for food. They keep fowls that are very much like our own, and sometimes chickens are almost their sole animal food, but they never dreamed that anybody could get hungry enough to eat eggs until they saw the missionaries eat them. The spectacle of their white friends making eggs a part of their breakfast still troubles a number of tribes in Africa. Mr. Wallace says that among some of the Pacific islanders hens' eggs are saved to sell to ships, but are never eaten by the natives.

There are a number of tribes in Africa whose chief riches are their herds of cattle, but who never drank a drop of cow's milk in their lives. They think the milk of their herds is for calves and not for human beings, and they are disgusted at the idea that anyone should consider it a proper article of food. A few tribes near the great lakes think it is a spectacle worth seeing to look at the missionaries milking cows and drinking the milk. Among many tribes, however, milk is an important article of food. They estimate a man's wealth by the number of cattle he owns, and think he is squandering his capital if he kills one of them for food. They use their cattle to buy wives and other commodities, and eat them only when they die in natural course.

Strawberries and raspberries are found in some tropical regions, but they are never eaten, and, in fact, are hardly worth picking, as they are poor, almost tasteless things. The wild fruits of tropical regions are generally far inferior in quality and abundance to those of the temperate zone.

These same tribes that are astounded at some of our articles of food, when put into their stomachs very likely eat grasshoppers, ants, monkeys, elephants, and many other things that have not been introduced into our cuisine. The pure white salt of commerce is the one article in the nature of food that they are all glad to get. Earth strongly impregnated with saline matter has a wide sale in one part of central Africa, and along the Angola coast natives collect the impure deposits of the salt marshes to season their food. If salt were not so heavy, explorers would find it more useful than any other commodity in paying their way through savage lands. —New York Sun.

## Broke Him of the Habit.

John Borley of Rondout owns a dog. He is also the possessor of a number of chickens. For a long time no eggs were forthcoming. He regarded this as very strange, as the fowls were always fed well and had the best attention paid them. But, day after day, when he went to the nest in search of hen-fruit, he invariably drew a blank. He was positive that something was wrong, and therefore decided to keep a watch, for one day at least, to try and discover the thief. Accordingly he concealed himself in the hen-house. After he had been there a short time numerous cacklings convinced him that the chickens had got in their work. Immediately after the cackling ceased Mr. Borley was astonished to see his dog come sneaking into the hen-house, cautiously looking first this and then that way. When satisfied that it was not observed, the dog went to the nests and sucked all the eggs, taking good care to carry off the shells in its mouth, which it deposited into a hole in the ground, and then scratched dirt on them. Mr. Borley had discovered the thief. He at once put on his thinking cap to devise a plan which would put a stop to further depredations by the canine. Going into the house, he had an egg cooked. Calling the canine, he crammed the hot egg into its mouth, grappled its jaws, and held them closed for a moment. The dog was never known after that to suck eggs. —Kingston (N. Y.) Leader.

## It Made a Difference.

An Irishman employed about a shop in Atlanta was one day surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance. After ten minutes' jollification the friend left, when Pat's employer said to him:

"So, Pat, you knew that chap in your own country, did you?"

"Och, an' shure did I, an' it's a lucky day I met with him here. It's a fine boy he is, wid all his family. His grandfather was a general—his father was a general—and he'd been a general himself if he had not come away."

"But what was he after in your pockets? I thought I saw him put his fingers there rather slyly."

Clapping his hands to his pockets, Pat ascertained that both watch and pocket-book were missing.

"Murder!" he cried, gesticulating like a whale with a dozen harpoons in his side. "The thief! the spulpeen! the coorse! I knew him well, wid all his family. His grandfather was hanged—and his father was hanged—and he'd been hanged himself if he'd not run away."

Some woodchoppers at work in Georgia cut down a tree in which they saw that a different kind of wood had been dovetailed. This they cut out and found more than \$1,000, which had been secreted apparently twenty or twenty-five years ago.

Left-Handed people.

"The majority of people are right-handed because they are trained to be so."

This was the reply of a doctor to a reporter who interrogated him on the subject yesterday. "Several theories have been advanced why people are generally right-handed," continued the physician, "but with what reason scientists have never taken the trouble to demonstrate. Perhaps that which would come nearest the truth, if any law of nature were found to govern dexterity, would be that the heart, being placed on the left side, the right side should be used with great freedom. Another theory is that the brain is weightier on the right side than the left. Whatever the cause may be, I find that those who in youth have trained themselves to using the left hand experience no difficulty or inconvenience. When a child is 'sinistrously' inclined and takes to using the left hand by such natural inclination, it is not because of any malformation or displacement of the heart or brain. Consequently I am led to the belief that it is all a matter of training."

Several other physicians who were spoken to on the subject gave the same opinion. Inquiry of a number of left-handed people confirmed the statement that no inconvenience resulted from the use of the left hand, but that on the contrary they find it a positive advantage, inasmuch as that in numerous instances they become ambidexterous.

Persons who have much writing to do are liable to open paralysis, or "writers' cramp," lasting sometimes for weeks. Ordinarily, after several hours' constant writing, the arm is very much fatigued. Where a person can write with both hands he can rest one, and it by any accident he should be deprived of temporary or permanent use of the hand he is accustomed to use he will be able to "fall back" on the other. In telegraphy, like wise, where an operator has to transmit or receive long messages, he is subject to "telegraphers' cramp," which is sometimes similar to writers' cramp. The work is laborious and fatiguing, but when the operator can use both hands he can not only save himself much fatigue, but facilitate the work.

Some tradesmen who are left-handed can command better wages than right-handed men of equal ability. This is shown in the case of a boiler-riever who, if left-handed, can work inside a boiler without the awkwardness of a right-handed man and do superior work. An engraver who uses both hands can always command a position. Smiths, carpenters, and other artisans also derive much advantage from the use of both hands, and none who happen to be left-handed experience any inconvenience. A person who operates a typewriter finds it necessary to use both hands, and has to train himself to it when learning the instrument.

Many tools are made which are intended to be used with the right hand only, and can only be operated with great awkwardness with the left hand. This is said to also contribute toward making a majority of people right-handed. Notwithstanding all that can be



